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THE
OBSERVANT PEDESTRIAN.



THE
OBSERVANT PEDESTRIAN;

OR,

TRAITS OF THE HEART:

IN A

SOLITARY TOUR FROM CÆRNARVON TO LONDON:

IN TWO VOLUMES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE MYSTIC COTTAGER.

The truth of nature, which, with attic point,
And kind, well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and, without pain, corrects.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

VOL. II.

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T H E

OBSERVANT PEDESTRIAN.

THE WIDOW'S TALE.

“**T**HREE little starving babies crave your assistance, for the love of heaven!” cried a poor but decent looking woman, humbly petitioning the charity of two elegant females, who had strolled to an aperture in some railing that bounded a nobleman’s park.

“Pity the widow’s sorrow, dear ladies, she was not born the child of misery you now behold her, but calamity, alas! not so fe-

VOL. II.

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verely

verely merited, as experienced, reduced a once opulent farmer, blighted his corn and cattle, and rendered his good natured credulity the prey of villany; but heaven in mercy snatched him from this vale of woe, and left me and these innocent sufferers the victims of deplorable distress."

Here the agonizing tear suppressed her voice, while the liberal hand of affluence dropped a benevolent donation in the laps of the imploring infants, and the bended knee and grateful prayer of the deserving petitioner was instantly devoted in gratitude.

—I saw too, the cambric handkerchief absorb the chrystal of compassion as the fair liberalist turned through the park, and so worthy an example needed little emulation where humanity condescended to inspire the heart.

"Subjoin this mite," said I, while I silently regret fortune is not favored by ability to increase it."

And

And if I had moralized an hour on the subject I could not have reversed the destiny of that Deity in not more plentifully bestowing her favors on me, consequently it had little benefited the widow or myself.

THE EXEMPLARY COTTAGER.

“**H**OW far, pray, to the village?” said I, to an open countenanced, elderly man, seated on a piece of wood, fastened between two trees, in a little wild garden, before the door of a cottage, whose humble roof and white chimney peeped beneath a group of elms and poplars, in a remote spot, on an extensive common, and whose little casement’s curious arranged commodities bespoke it the factotum repository for the accommodation of the village peasantry.

The

The worthy monarch of this little hovel who was enjoying himself in the luxury of a new's-paper, surprised me by the unexpected politeness with which he addressed me.

"Not half a mile, Sir," said he, "but if you are weary will you please to accept my seat? Hannah," continued he, "bring a chair, child, but never mind putting on your lace mob, his honor will excuse that ceremony I dare say."

"I'll not disturb you, friend," said I, "though your civility is so inviting it tempts me to accept your offer."

"Don't disappoint me then, Sir," said he, "we are just going to tea, but if you will condescend to give us your company, I'll order my butler to prepare some coffee, in the Elder pavilion, and here's the paper to amuse you during its preparation. I'll just

step and see if my clerks have balanced, and order the warehouse to be closed."

I saw him smile at the look of astonishment I glanced around while he spoke, for the Elder pavilion he had described consisted of one solitary tree, that shaded the casement of the cottage and a tottering bench beneath it; the warehouse, too, and the clerks, was a very strange idea, for the whole premises did not stand on half an acre of ground.

"In what light, for God's sake must I consider this eccentric being," said I, passing over the little gate, "as one deranged in the mental faculty, or as a facetious clever fellow, who has known better days, and would fain make the most of his humbler station; however I will certainly gratify myself, partake his coffee, and humour the jest: 'Tis strange he should be so generous to a stranger, but methinks it seems his characteristic."

A few moments presented a table, a nice plate of bread and butter, and a bright tin coffee pot, all placed in order under the elder tree.

Hannah, the notable good-humoured wife, welcomed me with a smile and courtsey, as I surveyed her, a neat plain coif and corset with a clean apron and handkerchief, told me she was the nice neat person I expected.

"William was in such a hurry, Sir," said she, "he would not wait 'till I could slip on another gown, so I hope you'll excuse it."

"No, nor the laced mob," rejoined he, "that was put on with the new blue top-knot I treated her with to drink tea at the 'squire's last Sunday; I assure you she looked almost as young as the day we were married, and at that time Sir Anthony and my Lady often looked in upon and encouraged us: But bless God we have enough, and as I often tell

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Hannah,

Hannah, she shall yet have a chariot I am determined, aye and with gold springs too, and we'll have an old one on the common, to stand at the gate, for her to practise getting in and out, and the lace liveries are positively to be ordered the next time I go to London to take my *Longs* at the Bank."

"Lord, William, hold your nonsense, why the gentleman will think you crazy."

"Ah, Sir," continued she "you don't know William, but the honor of a neighbouring Baronet, and the 'squire's company has made him as bold as brass, and he runs on in the same manner to every body."

"Oh," replied I, "it amuses me, I envy him his flow of spirits."

"And so does somebody else envy me the quiet enjoyment of my cup of coffee," cried he, "for yonder comes a customer or two to disturb

disturb me, and now I have dismissed my journeymen for the evening, I must needs take their orders myself."

Turning my head to observe the advancing customer, I perceived two tattered children sprung from some obscure hovel on the common.

"This way," said William, leading them into the little magazine, from which they soon returned—the one with a small portion screwed in a paper, the other with a farthing candle dangling on her finger.

"Would you believe it," cried he, setting down in the highest good-humour, "I have book'd the articles for those customers, amounting to a farthing's worth of salt and a solitary long ten."

"Men of business in your extensive line," said I, "must condescend to be subservient,

B.5 and

and you have too much good sense to despise the inability of your customer, to purchase more, when his little stipend confines him to absolute necessities, and too much good nature to repine at the trouble of serving so simple an errand."

"True," said he, "we hold ourselves indebted to them for our support, or our hard-earned farthing would be as cautiously expended as theirs no doubt: But here comes a stingy old grumbler, you shall now see the difference of a contented and discontented man."

"I have called for my honey-jar and the three shillings," said the intruder, whose visage bespoke him no very pleasant disposition.

Hannah jumped up and brought it him, with the money.

William touched my feet, as much as to say, observe his action.

"I

"I don't think this a good shilling," cried he, "and I am sure my jar was not so heavy as this; there was more honey in mine and less weight."

"You are mistaken, master," replied William, "we have not one like it in the house; and here's the very piece out of the rim, which you mentioned yourself when you brought it; the shilling is also a very good one, but if you are not satisfied I'll change it."

"Aye, pray do," rejoined he, "and where is my packthread and the piece of nice brown paper that covered it."

The covetous wretch excited my disgust, yet pity whispered me not to revile his error but commiserate the frailty.

"The string," answered Hannah, "has probably been used for some other purpose,

but that you may not regret its loss, you are welcome to a piece, and this paper too, which is as large again as your's was, so if I was as selfish as you, neighbour G——, I should divide it exactly in half."

The reproof did me good—but the conviction did not reflect a flash on his cheek, and he had now no alternative but to march grumbling off, with the cruel instigation of alledging, his neighbour had cheated him by exchanging his jar, or imposed on his credulity—an assertion, none but the placid William would have listened to unrepvingly.

THE BOTTLE OF MADIERA.

THE approach of footsteps and voices roused our attention:—"Ah!" said William, "here comes the 'squire and his London friend, fly, Hannah, child, slip on your laced mob, for I see the ladies crossing the common."

"I'll then wish my hospitable friend good evening," said I.

"No,

"No, no," replied he, "pray keep your seat, your company and conversation are too estimable to part with."

"How is your Grace of gravel-pit?" cried a facetious gentleman, on the arm of the 'squire, extending his hand to William, "What still immersed in trade, old friend, still making an addition to the *Longs*?—How fares the manufactory stores, still improving, no doubt, as consumption increases."

"I cannot answer your question," replied William, "if you don't condescend to take a seat and taste my made-here-a."

"That, I presume," said I, "is furnished by this fruitful elder."

"Aye, Master Traveller," said he, "and 'tis Hannah's making, so if a hearty welcome can improve its flavor, let us toast King and Constitution to crown the honors conferred on this humble vintage."

'Twas

'Twas excellent, but the energetic toast, the smile of generosity and satisfaction, if possible, added to the zest;—and when a smart female group made their entrée at the humble wicket, I thought it time an intruder should depart, so thanking him privately for his cordial reception, I pursued my way to the village.

This man, said I, musing as I walked, is surely the most enviable of beings—he meets the rich man's courtesy, which he returns with becoming modesty, and is, in consequence welcomed to his more stately roof, with the invitation of real friendship and sincerity—his cottage is the mansion of peace—his life one uniform scene of bliss—no cares molest him—no malicious tongue vents its spleen at his expence, and the conjugal affection and virtues of William and Hannah are proverbial in the village.

Alas! how few can boast the inestimable treasure of a spotless character, like him. —

Worthy old man, thy conjugal affection, faithful friendship, noble expansion of heart to thy distressed fellow creatures, and lenity to their failings, shall be an immemorial record of fame to thy memory; and youth, as they read the faithful line upon thy tomb, shall strive to emulate so excellent a monitor.

THE LOBSTER.

I AM extremely fond of a hot lobster, and had in consequence purchased three small ones of a poor itinerent fish-man, and when I got to the Sun inn, in this remote village, I took them from my pocket, and begged my hostess to boil them, when a good looking ploughman, who was seated alone in the tap, seemed curiously examining, and as I conceived, probably longed for such a bon-bouche, I therefore took one back from the kitchen

kitchen and told him to carry it home for dame's supper.

"But how, *mun*, can we get at him," said he, holding open his pocket, while I put it in for him, for being pretty well loaded with forks, rakes, cag, &c. he had no better method to carry it.

"When 'tis boiled enough," said I, "it will turn red, and then you must break the shell, and pick out the fish."

"What black now and turn red afterwards, *maister*? Oh! for *Christi's* sake take it out of my pocket, I would not touch it for the world," cried he in the greatest agitation, gazing with terror at his pocket, and earnestly entreating me to take it back.

"Why my dame," continued he, "would be frightened to death, for it can be nothing else but a devil I'm sure:—O, this comes of my

my curiosity : "Who'll take it out," cried he, leaping into the passage to crave the assistance of somebody else, for an immoderate peal of laughter prevented my moving from my chair, and yet I could not blame the poor fellow's conjecture, for he certainly favored the idea of credibility.

"Why what's in your pocket?" cried the hostess.

"Oh, its the devil, I believe, for the gemman says it will turn red ; Lord bless you, take it out, if it was dead I could touch it, but it *mun* be alive, or else how could it turn."

"Your brains are turned," replied she, "Why, you fool, if you wo'nt have it I will, and thank you too."

"Oh, you're heartily welcome," cried he, and the moment it was drawn from his pocket he scampered out of the house, and I dare swear

swear related a fine tale to his wife and neighbour, for he seemed to mistrust its pursuit, and as he ran, frequently darted a look of horror behind him:—Such was the predominance of superstition, that no persuasion would have induced him to change his opinion, and as I sat solitarily down to my two boiled devils, the ludicrous reflection of the ploughman's terror crossed me at every mouthful, and I never see a lobster but I smile, if in ever so grave a mood the minute before.

PRESERVATION.

AS an early supperist I usually, when in the country, adopt the mode of walking a mile afterwards, to promote digestion, and steering my course through the village, the light of a candle attracted my notice; there was nobody in the room of the cottage where the candle twinkled, but a girl, who seemed deeply interested over a few filberd husks.

On a nearer approach I could minutely distinguish her placing a maggot in a hollow shell

shell, and endeavouring to make him crawl to a part of the nut he had probably been disturbed from, she then enclosed it in a whole husk, and carefully laid it on a shelf; a second was as cautiously replaced, and the rest of the litter, brought and shook out at the door."

"Thou art a compassionate lass," said I, "and thou'lt be rewarded, I saw thee preserve the life of the maggots."

"Why, Sir," replied she, "I had eat the nuts and as the maggots had not injured or offended, why should I delight to torture or destroy them? I'm sure," continued the artless girl, "I could not restore a dead one to life, and I was always taught never to hurt an innocent creature; so, Sir, if I was idling my time, I was not committing cruelty, and it was not much harm."

"A poor maggot can feel," said she with a look of inquiry.

"Undoubtedly,"

“Undoubtedly,” replied I, “and so can you, my good girl, or this example of thy compassion had not so evidently evinced it: But what will you do with them?”

“If they live ’till to-morrow,” replied she, “I will lay them gently in the hollow tree in our orchard, and there they will no doubt find their natural kind of food, and then Phoebe’s heart will be free from the accusation of cruelty.”

“Phoebe’s humanity,” said I, “is a memorial worthy record, and when my pen traces the subject it shall do justice to her merit.”

THE FAIRINGS.

ON the following morning as I passed a small farm, my attention was roused by a violent clamour of voices, who seemed arguing on a very interesting topic, and on a small table in the fore court was laid several bagatelles, which, from their conversation, I found to have been brought as fairings the night before, and it seemed the eldest son who had been commissioned to make the various purchases, had unfortunately not executed them according to order, and was in consequence

quence experiencing a severe reprimand for his inattention.

A pretty girl was spoiling a regular and fascinating set of features, by pouting and grumbling over four yards of green ribbon, which she was folding in various bows, but could not overcome her dislike.

"Ah!" cried she, wrapping it up in a piece of paper, "I shall detest the sight of it, I know I shall; what a booby you must be, Ralph, not to see green from blue, and so often as I told you."

"Why how the devil could I see by owl-light; they told me 'twas blue."

"Aye you numps, that's just like you, leaving things 'till owl-light, I am sure its an owl's bargain however."

"Well, the next I buys, Miss Madge, shall do you good; here's a pother indeed about

nothing: You're all as cros as so many hatchets, wasn't I wet through too, and yet nobody cares."

"I cannot conceive, Ralph," cried the old mother, whipping on her spectacles, and examining and turning a fine flowered shawl, "I cannot think how you could buy such an out of the way thing as this, why it must be split in half, for all the art of man can never turn it double: Didn't I tell you I wanted a good warm double shawl, fit for the winter? Ah! there's nothing like fending a fool of an errant."

"There again," cried Ralph, "Lord I could hang myself I am so provoked."

"So could your poor father," continues the dame, "for being such an afs to bring green-glass spectacles; of all things in the world, when you was particularly told to bring them the same as his old ones; he will never wear them, I promise you, for every
body

body that comes in his way looks like a parcel of ghosts about him, and every ear of corn looks as green through them as if it was just sprung out of the ground about a week; Lord they plague him to death, he's so mad he could brain you."

"Aye, and brother is very angry about his buckles, for you've squeezed one of them double some how in riding, so that's money thrown away; they are good for nothing like all the rest. And as to my silver thimble," continues little Susan, "it isn't big enough for a tom-tit's claw, why it sticks upon the end of my finger like the spire upon the village steeple; and my straw hat's just like a platter—O, I could cry my eyes out."

"Then," replied Ralph, whose spirit was now roused, "put the ribbons on the hat, and then it will look like a platter full of greens, and your tears will relish it instead of salt."

This far-fetched stroke of wit had nearly cost him dear, for the mother's angry retort for his impertinent sarcasm stung him severely.

"You deserve to be horse-whipped for your insolence," cried she, "is it not sufficiently provoking to your sisters to have spent their hoarded money like a fool, but you must aggravate their vexation by laughing at them."

"I'll hear no more jargon," replied Ralph, and leaping over a fence ran whistling off.

"How unlucky it should rain yesterday," resumed Madge, "I wish we had kept our money, as we could not go ourselves, and saved all this fuss."

Willing to revive the smile of placidity on her cheek, I ventured to admire the ribbon and observed that I believed it was a more fashionable colour than blue, and doubtless
that

that was the reason it was sent by the vender in preference ; and as to your hat," continued I, turning to Susan, "your good-humoured smile will set it off to every advantage, if you keep your determination of admiring from my persuasion."

The girl smiled and seemed to pay some attention.

"Aye, but my thimble," said Susan.

"Never fret about that," replied I, "I have a little niece in London, whom I think it will fit, so I'll purchase it of you."

Susan appeared much delighted, and we made a satisfactory exchange.

"And now, dame," cried I, "let me be peace-maker also with your shawl ; divide it in half, 'tis a rich handsome pattern, and will make two excellent summer coverings, so where's the harm, you'll then have two for one.

And as to the spectacles, though they are not always convenient, yet they are excellent preservatives to the eyes, and may prove more beneficial than you suspect, do not then despise them, lay them by, and when necessity requires them you will find them useful. Jim's buckle too, I conceive can be easily streightened, and when placed in his shoe the defect will not be perceived."

"You have nothing now to do, my dear girls, but pray for fine weather next fair-day, to make your own purchases, and shew your good sense now by not disturbing your tempers on such trivial occasions; there is no evil from which, on deliberation, we may not adduce good, and I have endeavoured to prove its reality of assertion by describing the various modes by which you may render Ralph's unfortunate mistakes in a great measure more serviceable to your wish than you at first suspected."

"Am

“Am I, for instance, as a traveller, to murmur at every incident not perfectly consonant to my wish? If a deluging shower overtakes me on an unsheltered heath, will my vexation abate it? Will the majestic Moon throw off her veil to complete my wish and exhibit her beautiful and guiding ray to facilitate my track? Certainly not. 'Tis then best policy not to repine at my ill luck, but trot patiently on with the satisfaction of knowing I have where withal to revive nature by the expenditure of a comforting sixpence at the first little Inn where my coat will dry, and from whence a clear and beautiful sky may compensate the inconvenience of the storm.”

“Aye, very true,” answered the dame, “you may as well be contented, girls, and make the best of a bad bargain.”

And thus, leaving them tolerably reconciled by the force of my rhetoric, I pursued

my journey, musing on my adventure, reflecting on the vexation Ralph's stupidity had occasioned, and pitying its consequent disappointments to all parties.

THE WARPED MIRROR.

PASSING about noon through the town of —, I inquired at a Bookfeller's the residence of an old friend, who had lately left the busy Metropolis, and retired to enjoy the comforts of rural life.

"Pray whereabouts does Mr. Strangeway live?" said I.

"Immediately opposite, Sir," replied the shopman, "and the gentleman's now at the window."

The information was no sooner given than improved, and I crossed immediately to the hall door, where my friend recognised me though at a distance, came to the steps with the highest cordiality to welcome and receive me.

"This is kind, this is friendly," said he, pressing my hand, "and to add to the pleasure, you must take your mutton with me, I have three or four friends who form a snug party, and I trust we shall not want diversion," continued he, glancing an arch look on something in the hall, but as I could only discover a table, some chairs, a clock, and a large looking glass, I ventured to ask an explanation of his seemingly enjoyed project.

"Why then," said he, "if you must know, just take a peep at that curiosity; I had it down only yesterday, 'tis a comical whim of my own invention."

Still

Still he smiled and I ventured to take a peep.

"Mercy on me," cried I, "you might well laugh; why, good God, what a figure I cut, why my wig is all awry, and the bow of my neckcloth tied under my ear."

Again he smiled, and I arranging them as I conceived, *tout à fait propre*, "Now," continued I, "I believe I am the thing, and will venture to make my *entree* to the ladies."

"Ah do," said he, "you'll no doubt find them in merry mood."

So crossing the hall I entered the drawing room, where Mrs. Strangeway and her two daughters were seated, but to my astonishment the ladies were so choaked with laughter the moment I made my entrance, that it rendered them incapable of speaking a syllable, so taking a chair rather vexed and confused at my awkward salutation.

I by chance had seated myself opposite another glass, where to my unspeakable mortification I beheld myself the most perfect figure of risibility imaginable, for though I had adjusted my wig, &c. at the first glass, it was now entirely awry, and rendered me indeed a most ludicrous object.

However to compensate my chagrin, and make some sort of apology for the apparent rudeness of the ladies, my friend informed me the mirror I had first consulted was formed on a peculiar plan for the purpose of ludicrous deception, the plate being purposely warped to reflect every object awry, in consequence of which each person endeavoured to regulate the observed defect, and by that means completely answered the design, by rendering things totally contrary.

The invention met my approbation, and I heartily forgave the ridicule I had experienced.

“ 'Tis

"'Tis a constant source of amusement," said my friend, "for not a soul enters but the elegance of this mirror strikes their attention, nor shall I, except to yourself, disclose the secret, as it will not easily be discovered, and will no doubt afford us much mirth to-day."

An hour had passed when a loud rap announced the Rector's arrival. "Now," said my friend, "remark his entrée."

The first object attracting the Rector's attention was this new and elegant piece of furniture, to which his curiosity immediately led him. "Mercy on me!" exclaimed he, "how infamously Andrew has put on my wig, 'tis all over one ear," twiching it obliquely in a contrary direction, which completely set it in the most ludicrous direction, and in that fashion he entered the parlour, where we all with the utmost difficulty restrained our risibility.

In

In a few moments arrived an elderly lady and her two gay daughters: My friend to enjoy his joke passed through the hall to meet them.

“Oh stop a moment,” cried the ladies, “blefs me, only look in that glafs, why my fafh is pinned as crooked as a ram’s-horn.”

“Oh and my cap too,” cried the other, “and Mamma’s handkerchief looks all awry.”

A few twitches adjusted them, and as they entered again the fmile commenced, but the youngest Mifs, observing the parfon’s wig, actually burft into a loud laugh, and audibly whifpered her fifter to remark his peruke, which being overheard by the ftately divine, the warmth of his temper induced him to retaliate the freedom. “Oh, your humble fervant, Mifs,” faid he, “the compliment is returned in full force by the fet of your cap.”

The

The offended fair instantly flew to the glass, the conviction was, alas! too fatally proved, much to her mortification, however as no one suspected this stratagem, my friend forbore explaining the cause, and the day was passed in the utmost hilarity.

How I should enjoy placing a conceited coxcomb before that mirror, and with what rapture should I lead the votary of vice to behold its deformities, surely the reflection would instigate such disgust, that whoever took one view would never with a retrospect, for that destructive tyrant moulds every mind to its own vile form, and like this deceitful mirror pretends to regulate every defect while it artfully warps you to its own similitude: As vice then is here so minutely explored by way of simile, let me warn the unwary never to abide by its credulous instigation, but let the form of innocence and virtue adjust its most admirable ornaments at the mirror of truth.

But

But once more I needed the philosophy I had preached to the farmer's daughter, on this very morning, for after bidding adieu to my friends, and travelling about three miles, a violent shower half deluged me; not a hovel of any kind was near to shelter me, so necessity compelled me to bear it with patience, 'till chance should convey me some assistance, and to my unspeakable satisfaction a long stage soon after passed me, and the driver very kindly lending me an extra great coat, I mounted the box, and off we set as fast as legs and wheels could carry us.

The sociability and comical repartee of the loquacious gee-hu afforded me much diversion, and our conversation needed no spur, for it knew no lassitude.

THE INVISIBLE SNUFFERS.

I SOON found this facetious fellow was a most dexterous whip, and to convince my readers of it also, I can faithfully assure them the following circumstance is a fact, yet I doubt not my veracity will be called in question by many, as it has certainly the appearance of incredibility, and I own I shall feel myself mortified at the idea of being stiled an *enlarger* on a transaction, of which ocular demonstration gave me such indubitable proof, however, I shall venture to transcribe it, and leave its discussion to those who chuse to trace its possibility.

But

But to proceed —

When we came to the entrance of the town where the vehicle was to change horses, and drop me at the same Inn for a night's repose, the dim reflection of a paper lanthorn at an old woman's fruit stall struck my attention.

"That gives one an idea of winter's approach," said I.

"Aye, master," replied little gee-hu, "so it does, and it looks plaguey dim, I'll snuff the old girl's candle for her in a minute, I'll top it I warrant me."

"Are we so near the Inn then?" asked I, "Are you going to alight?"

"No, no," answered he, "I shan't give myself that trouble neither, only you make your observation as we pass."

The

The fellow smiled at my incredulity, and as we approached dexterously threw his long whip and actually tipped off the snuff as completely as the most handy pair of snuffers could have done. The effect was of course momentary, the flame brightened in consequence, and the old woman turned sharply round, but the snuffers were invisible, and the lanthorn remained in statue quo, for the extreme agility of the whip had not touched even the surface of its rim when it swept off the useless long snuff.

"I give you credit for that," said I, "and wherever I go I'll record your cleverality, friend, but as the shower seems abating I shall, after your departure, venture to purchase a few apples and hear the old woman's opinion of this extraordinary phenomenon, which will no doubt be highly exaggerated by the force of superstition.

SUPERSTITION.

WHEN I had strolled to the church-wall where I had so few moments before seen the little stall, I found its situation was changed to the opposite side of the way, this grounded my suspicion, and over I marched to purchase some filberts.

“Lord, Sir,” said the woman, “I’m in such a *flusteration* I scarce know how to weigh them, for I’ve had such a fright just under yon church wall, as I shan’t recover to-night. for as I was a setting mending *that there* stocking, all of a sudden somebody snuffs my candle,

dle, with that I turns round, but not a creature was near me."

"Don't you recollect a stage passing at the same moment?" said I.

"Aye," replied she, "but what of that? Neither the horses nor the coach could snuff my candle. No, no, I *an't* to be persuaded out of my reason, I *knows* well enough what 'twas—we had a terrible tyrannical neighbour buried there last night, that could never let folks be at peace while he was alive, but nobody suspected he'd ever come back to plague us now, and they shall be cunning as catches me setting there any more, nor neighbour Smith, the oyster-woman, down here, for I told her, and she's gone to the Bell Inn to serve some gentlemen, but when she mentioned it to the landlord, "Pooh!" says he, "it's all an old woman's fudge." However fudge or no fudge it did not speak to be sure, but I'll swear I heard it whiz, and something swept over my shoulder, I wonder I did not scream

scream out, but I believe I was too much frightened."

"What you have advanced," said I, "is strictly true, I witnessed the whole transaction, and let me convince you all your prepossessions are unfounded, for your candle was actually snuffed by the stage coachman's whip, for I was by his side at the moment, and beheld his dexterity with equal astonishment, therefore, my good woman, how lucky it is I should be able to compose your deranged spirits, by explaining this mystery, which if I had not accidentally stopped at this town, would very reasonably have a superstitious idea impressed on your mind, and the contagion, would have credibly circulated through the town with a hundred cruel inventions, injurious to the feelings of the living, and unjustly stigmatizing the dead, who, though he might be an unworthy character, is, we'll hope, better employed in suing mercy for his crimes, than making an addition to them here, by his re-appearance, to terrify and injure the
peace

peace of more quiet and virtuous spirits: therefore step to the Bell, and stop the larum from investigating a mystery it is now in your power to clear, and let it be as an admonition in future, never to suffer such idle fears to predominate over the portion of reason heaven has blessed you with, without making allowances that such effects have no doubt a cause, which on inquiry may tend satisfactorily to remove such weak prejudices."

The old woman thanked me for my information and friendly advice, and assured me she should have no scruples about removing her stall to its former situation the following evening.

Thus I fortunately proved the instrument of elucidation, and I trust stifled that monster, superstition in its birth. My filberts were now weighed, and as I turned away I had the pleasure to see the old woman resume
her

her stocking mending with the most perfect satisfaction, and greatest composure.]

To render one's self beneficial to mankind is a retaliation expected by heaven, for the superior portion of sense it has endowed us with, in preference to the more inferior capacity, and if we prune prejudice, and encourage the emulation of reason, we shall find sufficient reward from the satisfaction of having performed our duty with a degree of justice that will ever reflect honor and comfort to a friendly monitor; and can a disposition naturally inclined to gratitude forbear to retaliate the blessing it is indebted to providence? 'Twere selfish sure to keep that knowledge to one's self that might convey such beneficial instruction to others, and if my ideas are wrongly connected on this point it must at least be imputed to the intention of virtue, however incapable of acquitting itself with that degree of elegance and propriety a censorious few might expect.

COUNTRY INTELLIGENCE.

AS a traveller generally wishes to make himself acquainted with the memoir of any particular object that excites his attention, a charming villa, situate in a spacious park, awakened my curiosity, to inform myself to whom it belonged ; and I had not long contemplated its elegantly-romantic structure when a peasant passed me, with his breakfast in his hand, which appeared a much better view to him than the one I had selected, and yet we were both gratified ; that is to say, his appetite and my fancy.

VOL. II.

D

"Pray,

"Pray, friend," said I, "are you a native of this place?"

"I don't know what your honor means," answered he, with his mouth crammed so full he could scarce articulate.

"Why do you live here?" replied I, "Was you born hereabout?"

"Oh no," returned he, "not here," pointing with his finger to the express spot where we stood) "not here, your honor, to be sure, but about a mile off at a cottage, at the farthest end of the village, after you've passed two white gates and farmer Mayfield's barn, you *mun* take the first turning on the right, and then go over the first stile on the left, and there's the 'Squire's green rails, so keep straight a long for a good bit, and then you'll see father's cot opposite the dunghill, and next door, all but a few, to the Three Black Crows, at the corner of our green."

Provoked

Provoked at his stupid loquacity, though I could scarce forbear smiling at the curious direction, I resolved to put an end to the harangue, "I am not going to your cottage," said I, "I only wish to know to whom that house and park belongs."

"What *that there housen* there, do you mean."

"Yes, friend, its the only one in sight."

"That one a top the hill, your honor?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"The white one with the high trees there?"

"Gracious God! man, certainly, do you not understand English: Once more I ask whose house it is? Is it a nobleman's seat or what?"

"I never saw a nobleman, your honor, in all my born days, I don't know what it is; and as for a seat, I *faes* none, there may be a bit of a bench in the park, mayhap, but that I can't say, and as for the *gemmen's* name as lives there, I don't recollect, though I have heard it often enough too."

"May be you'll forget the name of the village by to-morrow," said I.

"No, no," replied he, "shan't do that neither."

Heavens! how astonishingly ignorant are the generality of the rustic poor; even if nature has endowed them with capacity to enlighten their minds, two thirds of an obscure village can scarce ever boast a writer or reader, and why, because it is too much trouble to learn, tho' were they early initiated in the necessary principles of common erudition, many might become useful and amiable members of society,

a comfort to themselves and an honor to their patron.

But this incomprehensive rustic will never rank in that class, said I, though conscious of his stupidity, he does not endeavour to improve. Mistaken unhappy mortal, less enviable than the Ethiopian slave, because thou art a free-born native of an island where religion and education is mildly and alluringly inculcated, if the vacant mind seeks the path of erudition, whereas the unenlightened negro finds no friendly moralist to teach him even the nature of his own existence, or to what glorious maker and preserver he is indebted for the portion of happiness, or blessing of health, he has ever enjoyed: Blush then, ye sons of Albion, at the unpardonable neglect of education in the juniority of life, and may ignorance ever meet the ridicule it merits, if the advice and precepts of good natured instruction is slighted with disdain by the too indolent and obstinate ignoramus.

THE PENURIST.

WHILST I was sipping my coffee at a little inn in the village, a poor lean horse stopped at the door, on whose back sat a meagre looking quiz, with as meagre a female jolting on a pillion, at least a century old behind him, "Bring half a pint of ale for Dorothy and me," cried he.

The generous order for two people caught my attention, and as I saw this penurist alight I determined walking into the kitchen with an excuse, and amusing myself at the expence

of

of these curious figures, for the value of Dorothy's red cloak and beaver hat did not exceed a shilling, and the patched coat of her master little exceeded it.

"Who is that grotesque couple?" asked I, in a whisper to my host.

"Why we call him old Saveall, in the village," answered he, "but his real name is 'Squire Wintergreen, you'll hear a rare quarrel presently with poor Dorothy, for he never gives her a good word, and she has been his housekeeper these five and thirty years, he lives in a fine *ramshackle* house about five mile off, but not a soul will venture in but himself for fear of the porch and roof crushing them to death; and half our village says 'tis haunted, for his poor brother vanished one day, and nobody could tell how, so you see he come in for all the fortune, aye, as much as seventy thousand pounds, and yet he's such a stingy codger, he starves himself almost to death, and poor Dorothy too: Lord she would not

have been his *toad under a barrow* so long, but for the hope and promise of something handsome at his death, for it seems he is now the last survivor of all his family, and so he has promised her to enjoy his whole fortune, nay some people don't scruple to say odd things on the subject, but that's nothing to nobody."

The voice of his customer now summoned him to attend, and having thus learned sufficient to awaken my curiosity, I marched into one of the opposite booths, and took an old paper from my pocket, under pretence of employment.

"Ah! you're in a fine condition with your clean apron now," cried the surly bear, for poor Dorothy had met with the accident to break an egg, "Come empty the basket that I may see what more mischief you have done," saying which he drew forth about a pound of rusty Irish bacon, half a pound of rank

rank butter, a piece of hard cheese crust, and three more cracked eggs.

"Aye, aye," muttered he, "fine waste, however I shall wrap up the fractured shell to make the kettle boil, for coals are confounded dear: I am so provoked at your awkwardness I shan't be in temper again to-day."

"You very seldom are," replied Dorothy, "but I don't mind that of a pin; suppose I have broke a *rotten* egg, what of that, do you think I did it on purpose; God knows there's plague enough to get soap to wash my apron, without being flown at, I am sure you may thank yourself for buying such cracked things, I told you they'd never last home; and as to the bacon, I am sure you bought that to please your own palate, for I hate it, it always makes a *resurrection* in my stomach, I am as sick as a dog with the looks of it; something like your fine cheese too, Lord God! I shall never be able to eat it if I was to mumble

for a week, so I must eat my dry bread, and content myself with the smell of it: You have made a rare day of it, what with the rain and dust, and jolting one's bones sore into the bargain, rot the apron too, I wish it had been at home."

Dorothy now took off her rusty beaver, and began brushing it.

"Take care, take care," cried her master, "how violent you are, woman, why zounds you'll brush off all the pile."

"Pile!" retorted she, "I should like to find it, and I'll swear I never saw such a thing upon it since it was in my possession, and I have worn it five years and three quarters since you left it off, and I know it was your *pate-guarder* eight years before, so you need not make a fuss, for brush it I certainly shall."

Mr. Wintergreen now eying me askance frowned at Dorothy and shook his head angrily.

"What

"What signifies your nodding, and winking, and frowning like an owl," continued Dorothy, "I don't mind it of a farthing; Lord keep me, who's afraid, I have most reason to be cross: Come, let's make friends, and have another half pint to settle matters before we begin to jog on."

"No, no," replies the offended penurist, "I shan't add extravagance to the list of your awkwardness and follies this day. I promise you, so budge, budge."

Poor Dorothy finding him quite inflexible turned up the corner of her apron as decent as possible, tied on her hat, and making me a low courtesy, took her basket on her arm, and followed her master in a very growly mood to the door, where she was soon hoisted on her pillion and jolted along.

THE ERRORS OF EDUCATION.

I HAD strolled on to the village of — and was passing a pair of high gates when a post chariot and four crossed the road and bowled into the court-yard, the servant moved his hat, and I instantly recognised the features of an old friend, and the sight of the mansion next attracted my attention, there too I could just trace the venerable form of the old manor, but it was so metamorphosed that I did not on my first approach recollect it to be the same in which I had formerly spent some social and happy hours. “I shall go

go in," said I, and before I had fixed the determination, the faithful butler came to escort me.

"Master desires you will walk in, good Sir, and my Mistrefs also."

"Your Mistrefs Edward," replied I, "what is the 'Squire married?"

"O yes, Sir, about a twelvemonth since:" and the poor fellow heaved a sigh.

"Then I shall certainly pay my respects."

Edward smiled. "Your respects, Sir, heavens bless you we scarce know the meaning of such an expression, now a days, God knows that's a visitor who has been banished a long time from this house; a time was (but that I need not tell you, Sir) when all was comfortable and regular, now we are all topsy-turvey."

"I

(2) THE OBSERVANT PEDESTRIAN.

"I am sorry for it Edward, but hush, here comes my old friend."

I was then ushered to his study, where he begged I would wait a few moments whilst he wrote a note to his neighbour, Sir W— and he would then introduce me to his dear little Bet.

Ruminating on the enigma Edward had half repeated, I took my seat, and my friend B— drawing his chair also, took up the pen, but the scrawl it seems did not please him.

"Confound this pen," cried he, "how infamous it writes."

I bit my lip, well convinced the fault was the writer's, not the implement—Edward was summoned.

"Here, I wish you'd write this card to Sir W—, and say I am engaged to-morrow, for

for this pen's like a skewer, and the devilish ink is as thick as blacking."

"Sir W—," continued he, turning to me, "is a capital penman, now I always detested it, and as the saying is, I am too old now to learn, he! he! he! *I can't help it.*"

Poor Edward examining the pen declared he thought it a very good one. "To be sure I can't write," continued he, "no more can Thomas, nor Charles, only just our names: Oh, your honor, when poor young Thomas was turned away, we lost the *only* writer in the family, however I'll carry it to Mrs. Hornet, I dare say she can make a shift to write, or perhaps my Lady has got a better pen, she had a nice fine one last night to practise her *straight* strokes in the new copy-book."

Rage tintured the cheek of my friend, and Edward's panegyric almost petrified me.

"Leave

"Leave the room," cried he abruptly, snatching the pen, "the fellow's drunk or a fool."

Conceiving him sufficiently mortified by the servant's retort, I offered my services, and Sir W—'s card was dispatched in a few moments.

ASTONISHMENT.

ARAP at the door announced the young female I had seen in the carriage, habited in a muslin jacket, and without a cap, gnawing the stump of a cabbage, and holding in a most uncouth posture a little baby whom she nearly stifled with kisses; her air was vulgar, her conversation intolerable.

"La! my dear, here's little *gooseberry* come to kiss *Par*; do you know *as* Edward says *how* there's nobody *hant* got no fishing nets

no where, nor never heard nothing at all of never a one about the store-room, *heart and limbs* we shan't have no fun to-morrow, and I loves catching *a fishes* rarely. My heart love, I wish you'd taste *this here* cabbage stump, its as sweet as *coloffus*: There the grand folks up stairs are all poking over the *great round* globe thingumbobs, telling what's o'clock in the *Hotentop* lands, so I left them to there grand *speechifies*, for I hates such stuff. I say, dear, shall I put on my *gould* chintz, or my *white* and *silver* tissue to-morrow, and my yellow *niddity nods*. I hates that gownd too, its got such a devilish long tail, its always like to throw me down."

"Pray, *Marme*, don't interrupt us, we are busy in conversation, we will be with you presently, so don't plague me, Bet, for by God *I will be Master of my own house*," cried the irritated and mortified 'Squire, leading her to the door and carefully bolting it to prevent a second intrusion.

"That,

"That, I presume," said I, "is the lady of your choice, and your little heir apparent?"

I am sure I did not smile, but he felt the full force of the address on his crimson cheek, and bowed an assent.

Gracious God! how my blood thrilled—That the wife of my friend!—That illiterate simpleton the woman of his heart and choice—Impossible!—Has he not declared a thousand times the female he conducted to the altar should boast a refined education, and elegance of sentiment—a brilliant understanding—be the little ærial of the dance—the captivating dulcet syren of the enlivening song—the enchanting minstrel, and the perfect model of grace and gentility.

Alas! the contrast!—Astonishment sealed my lip, and ridicule and disgust were the inmates of my heart. Misguided erroneous mortal, doomed to perpetual derision by every class of society, thou hast planted an everlasting

everlasting thorn in thy bosom, and art allotted a continual scourge, more poignant than the nettle, and on the page of error thou hast imprinted an eternal blot, never to be erased.

Absorbed in such reflections I wished him good morning, and I believe not before he was heartily glad of my absence, from the cruel exposure this youthful ignoramus had made.

VILLAGE SCANDAL.

THE reception of the 'Squire being so cool, and the sun having passed the meridian near three hours, I determined taking a rasher of bacon and an egg, at a neat public house in the village, and simply make my inquiry who my friend had married, for by the panegyric of Edward I now found thereby hung a tale, which was soon disclosed by the landlord's volubility to one of his customers, who I found had been on some upholstery business to the Manor.

"I say gilt frames to her chair," cried my host, "a good leather bottom one is quite enough, methinks, Lord, if it did soil her fine silver gown it would not be the *only* stain upon it: God keep us, what a rout is here about his Honor and the *blue-eyed* scullion."

This last word catching my attention I confess startled me.

"Scullion," repeated I, "do you joke, my friend, or are you serious?"

"I wish it was a joke, Master, but it happens to be a devilish serious subject; why have you never heard that story? Lord I thought every body knew *who* our 'Squire had married; why there an't a child can lisp his name in the village but knows the whole pedigree of *Bet*, as he calls her, aye, your honor, when she wore her round-ear'd cap and cloth apron, as plain as a pike staff; she used to wait upon the old gentleman, his father, and repair the 'Squire's linen, and wait

at table with those who *now* wait upon her; so you see, ~~to~~ *try her temper*, as the 'Squire says, what does his genius invent but pops her into the scullion's place, under the care of the cook, and soon after somehow or other, *no matter* how, her blue eyes and his *scalded gooseberry* ones glanced a sneaking kindness, and Bet was dispatched from the kitchen to a boarding-school, and soon after was brought home here as Madam B—; to be sure we all stared and well we might, and all paid our respects, though we laughed in our sleeves; and now as she thinks us villagers beneath her, she's not very polite; and as we know her to be beneath us in point of manners, why there's no complaisance lost on either side. The house is mightily improved, to be sure, but nobody comes nigh it except a few birds of a feather. No, no, there's none of our neighbouring nobility's carriages stops at the gate now, they only laugh and point as they ride by, and I am sure that's shocking mortifying. She was to have been *dizened out* for the last race ball, but if she had made her appearance

appearance amongst the quality egad she'd have soon *bawled* by herself for not a soul would have staid in her company. Oh, its a rare match, and there's often rare doings, I promise you."

A farmer calling my host away, on business, I laid down my reckoning and decamped without animadversion, as I conceived it improper to discourse on so critical a subject: Judge, gentle reader, of my feelings and confess yourself equally astonished at so glaring a fact.

A GENIUS OF THE AGE.

PASSING on in gentle faunter, who should I meet but a former acquaintance of the 'Squire's also, quite the tippy in every respect, and, by the bye, one of the most conceited fops in the kingdom, whom though I had often mortified I could never reform.

"How are you, my old boy?" cried he, "though, egad, I have scarce time to ask the question, my carriage and *rascals* are waiting, and its a cursed fatigue to walk from here to

the mews-gate, in a hurry, besides the gravel is new laid, and one had need have an old maid to waddle before one, with a pair of high broad heels to her shoes by way of *ramming* the path."

"Apropos, talking of *cats*, or *tabs*, puts one in mind of a prank I am going to execute on that old genius Don Pimento's wife, she's devilish fond of a present, and as I have promised her one a long time, I have it now in my power: ha! ha! ha! What do you think of a couple of *cat's ears*, just cropped, and two *pup's tails*, neatly trimmed off, of my own dexterity? I know she loves a relish, and 'tis only given them the title of an Ortolan of rare flavor, to induce her to taste the bon bouche. I mean they should arrive to-morrow, as per coach, curiously potted, and if I can but keep my countenance, we shall have fine fun."

"I

"I am glad 'tis not at my expence," said I, "for it would give me but a poor opinion of your good sense or politeness."

"Psha!" replied he, "who cares about politeness to such a cross old tab?"

"And why deride age?" asked I. "Do you not admit the majesty of a rich and beautiful setting sun, diffusing its mild and glowing ray with gentle decline, and reflecting its departing lustre with enviable delight to every eye of sensibility? May life's setting sun with you reflect its latent gleam with the radiance of virtue and respectability, and as you steal through the vale of years, may the amiability of youth strew the path with flowers, not maliciously wound you with an extra thorn."

"Oh! the devil take your morality, I'm off my old boy, take care of yourself, my greys are devilish spirited, and I shall dash through the gate, and perhaps grind off a little

of your gravity with my wheel, en passant, if you don't take care."

"I'll spare you the trouble," said I, "as you'll have quite employment enough to polish your own wits, and grind off the rust of arrogance, that now obscures even the slightest glimpse of that resplendent jewel, respect."

"Aye," replied he, "you may be right, old boy, but diffidence and respect are quite obsolete assumptions now a day, known only among *tabs* and *quizes*."

What an enlightened age we live in, cries the thrifty son of Adam: How progressive are the arts! How exquisitely refined, in a country, where the man of forty-five is termed a burthenfome *quiz*, and the arrogant spend-thrift of eighteen is announced as the prodigy of an *enlightened* age, and adored as the original quintessence of every thing capable of forming the character of a gentleman, provided he does but launch into every excess, reverse

reverse the order of nature—game—seduce—
 drink—sport, and innitiate himself in every
 fashionable vice—breakfast with the setting
 sun, and dine by moonlight, while the distress
 of his fellow creatures are never thought of
 but in the consumption of an extra bumper
 of Champagne, to prolong and meliorate the
 scene of hilarity, not to deplore misery, not
 to cherish the animation of virtue; the sigh
 of sensibility never springs from their bosoms,
 the tear of humanity never dims their eye,
 for when it loses its lustre the film of inebriety
 alone veils its furious and distorted glance.

COPPER CIVILITY.

I HAD strolled on several miles, when black and gathering clouds rapidly joined assemblage, and veiling the moon, exhibited the darkest canopy of heaven I ever observed, the evening too was drawing in, and as a long stage coach passed me, I thought it not impolitic to hail the driver, as I conceived I should be quicker carried through to my journey's end, rest poor Trudge's weary feet, and get an hour's chat with some rather more intelligent being than one of the canine specie, "Though I have been deceived in that suggestion before now," said I, to myself, "yet
I'll

I'll try the expedient, once again." The door was opened by the coachman, who assuring me there was *plenty* of room wedged me in with five more companions, whom I could but just distinguish, but what little observation I could make, induced me to believe them as follows, viz. two crusty gout pinched dons, two young bucks of the age, and a primitive Miss, with her bundle, who from the fluency of her conversation might have been an Egyptian mummy, for aught I knew. Half stifled with heat and steam, I ventured to drop the glass, without the least intention of offence to any soul, but one is not always so fortunate as to please the world; I happened to have committed an abominable faux-pas. "Pull it up, pull it up," cries a voice as hoarse as a raven, from the opposite corner, "have you a mind to kill us with this damp night air, I shall cough my heart out presently."

"I should be sorry for that," replied I
 "for two reasons; first, because it would be

an unpleasant sensation to you to re-swallow it, and secondly, because it is too dark to gratify my curiosity by a peep at it, as I should certainly wish to examine so curious a phenomenon."

"It don't seem to me you would be sorry," answered he, "for compassion now-a-days is mightily out of fashion, so the only way of shewing you posses it will be to draw up the window, or else I shall be a match for the air by tying my handkerchief over my ears and mouth."

"Confound it," exclaims one of the bucks, "don't draw it more than half way, Sir, for we are packed something like the slave ship, without either room or air, by gad, I'm half stifled."

"Slaves indeed," reiterated a second old croaker, "here are no slaves here, thank God, we are all free, free as air."

"As

"As the air in this coach, do you mean, Sir?" said I, "or would you imply we all enjoy *free will* in this vehicle? for I must aver its not my case: For example, one passenger insists I should shut the window; a second begs it may be half down; and I wish it could be quite; so how then is each party to be free in choice?"

"Why we should endeavour to accommodate to be sure," replies old furly, mumbling through the folds of his handkerchief.

"Then," replied I, "I have hit the plan, let us contrive to split the window frame in half, on my side I will have the open half, on the young gentleman's side shall be the divided pane, and on your side the coach, the window shall remain close as it is, and then three of us will be satisfied, we are all different characters no doubt, but thus we may chance to clash. Imagine me, if you please, a Laplander, I shall probably con-

E 5
ceive

ceive you a West Indian, from your partiality to heat."

"Oh! don't bother me about West Indies, I am no *outlandish* man, but a true English lion to my back bone."

"Thou hast verified thy *specie*," thought I, master Savage, "so now growl to thyself."

At this juncture the vehicle stopped, and the coachman declared himself unable to proceed as he could not distinguish his path or horses.

"Drive straight on, you fool," exclaims the old English lion.

"Arrah, and how the devil am I to be after doing that in a *crooked* road, honey?" replies poor Pat the coachman.

"We'll borrow a light presently," cries the buck.

"Light

“*Light or no light*, how the devil am I to see in the dark? *If I had fifty lights*, your honor, I shall be *after going* before the horses, or they’ll *never* shew us the way; besides one of my wheels is locked, and we are near the *edge of the middle* of the great pond.”

“Comfortable news!” said I, “for to walk hereabouts is over one’s shoes I am sure by the splashing of the horses feet.”

In this consternation the keen eye of Pat discovered an approaching light, which happened to be the mail lamp, lighted for safety in such an uncommon darkness—to them we made application, got a momentary assistance to the right path, but having no lamps, nor they any spare candle, they dashed on and left us to grope our way ’till we come to the bridge.

“Hollo there!” exclaimed Pat, with his leaders plunging over the railing, and as he had given the alarm, we thought it high

time to get out—the little dumb idol however found the use of her legs, and leaped sans ceremonie into my arms, trembling like a leaf.

“Pass your arm through mine, and commit your parcel to my care,” said I, “for I am sure I see a light advancing, so don’t fear, the coach will soon be set to rights, for yonder comes two torches with some carriage.”

Still the girl’s heart beat, and still approached the light, shaded by the smutty fingers of a poor old cottager.

“Good dame,” said I, “permit this young woman to wait a few minutes in yonder cottage, ’till the accident is repaired.”

“No, the devil take me if I do,” answered the old witch, with as frightful a visage staring o’er the candle, as nature ever moulded, “what the plague do you want there? That is my cottage, go in if you dare: You seem

to

to have a good stock of *french* impudence," continued she, spreading both arms to prevent our passing, "but you shan't none of you *plunder* me."

"Oh! I'll ensure *you* from a french invasion," said I, "and to prove we are only benighted travellers, and very honest, if you will sell your candle, I will give you treble its value," and dropping a handful of halfpence in her apron, the tone changed in a moment, and the candle was presented with a low courtesey, "Bless your honor, I *axes* pardon, will you please to let Madam walk in, you are mighty welcome, but one never knows who's who."

"No, no," replied I, "but you can distinguish a *giver* from an *asker*, it seems."

The old witch hobbled to her hut, and we proceeded on the foot-path, with Trudge under one arm, and the girl on the other, the
bundle

bundle slung on my finger, and the candle in my hand.

“This,” said I, “I am convinced is the very essence of *copper civility* — ’twas the touchstone of help in necessity, and though I never before valued the trusty coin, I shall never see a halfpenny without remembering its utility, when even the bosom of a female denied me a momentary shelter in the extremity of danger. In this form we proceeded to the turnpike, and being all set to rights, and procuring a couple of torches, we again mounted into the coach.

THE

THE SENTIMENT.

BEFORE the turnpike-man closed the door, he presented a bottle of brandy, begging to know if we chose *a drop of comfort*. I had still a few more coppers, so extending my hand, I took the proffered glass, "Gentlemen," said I, raising it to my lip, "here's a safe arrival to—our *God permit*."

"And what do you mean by that?" exclaims the buck.

"That God may permit this vehicle to go safe to the next town," replied I.

"a devilish good thought!" cries the other, "For *God-permits* they surely are, when you consider the risk every passenger runs of his life, when trusted to the mercy of crazy carriages, inebriated drivers, restive horses, and bad roads."

The girl acknowledged herself obliged, but the rest of the passengers seemed very grumpy, so seating myself in one corner, in the comfortable capacity of candle holder, I determined trying from which of my companions I should first experience

"And what do you mean by that?" ex-
claims the buck.

"That God may permit this vehicle to go
safe to the next town," replied I.

THE TEST OF POLITENESS.

"**T**HAT candle is very ^{com}fortable," cries the poor girl, "will you permit me to hold it, Sir?"

"By no means," replied I, if it is any accommodation to my fellow travellers I am happy in obliging them."

This I conceived a sufficient hint, had any one been inclined to hold it a few minutes in relief of my hand; several essays had I made to prove their politeness, by trying to fix it
in

in the holders, but without effect. "This is so like the world," thought I, "those who please may take the labouring oar, while others glide down the current of life at their ease, smiling derision at the more industrious few, whose conscience and superior good nature instigate them to set an imitative example, which every man of the least penetration must feel, if he did not blush to acknowledge it. I have proved ye all, thought I, and as a conscientious man, I feel I have returned good for evil. — And was it not always my pride and character, and while I derive the comfort of self approbation where's the mighty merit? says conscience.

I had now time and opportunity to observe my companions : — The English lion, as he termed himself, cut a risible and curious figure, with his head enwrapped in a red spotted handkerchief, and his *paws* secured in striped angola gloves, gave them the appearance of a tabby cat ; fortunately for Trudge, he

he was packed in the boot, for there I must acknowledge he does not possess his master's politeness, having a great enmity to cats, he therefore might probably (as a dog of quick perception) have behaved rather uncivil, at the suspicion of so close an enemy, had he been stationed in the coach.

"'Twas cursed lucky," cries one of the bucks, "that I popped on my *over-alls*, I should have been in a pretty pickle for the Opera, by Gad."

Now whether he conceived nobody had noticed this new and elegant invention, reaching from his breast to his ancles, fastened by about *forty* buttons on each side, I know not, but he certainly was determined to awaken our curiosity, and to enhance the raree show, the glove was removed under pretence of adjusting a button, but purposely to exhibit a diamond ring, while the finger it decked was employed in scratching off a
little

little splash of mud, which motion of course added to its brilliancy; but, alas! the spirit of admiration was dormant in every bosom, and the disappointed fop once more concealed it. Various insipid topics filled up the space of three more miles, when Providence conducted us safe to the desired Inn for the night, and my companions dispersing each a different way, left me to pursue my own inclination.

NO MUTTON NO SUPPER.

THE first person I met was the landlady, whose countenance looked as sharp and cross as a pair of scissars.

"Pray what can I have for supper, hosts?" said I.

"*Any thing you please to mention, any thing in the world.*"

"Then I should like a nice young duck."

"Oh!

"Oh! we have no ducks, but any thing else you please to pitch upon you may have."

"Well then," continued I, "a pair of fried ~~fowls~~ or a lobster."

"Lack-a-day, Sir, we can't get such a thing for love nor money, we never have fish but once a week."

"I understood," said I, "I could not be disappointed if I had even chose an Ortolan, from your assertion of having *any thing*, but however, as I am so unlucky, e'en roast me a rabbit, or a couple of pigeons, for I am devilish hungry; I should not dislike a few pease too, and a bit of tart."

Here my hostess's countenance again predicted a disappointment, while I waited her reply.

"Indeed, good Sir, I am very sorry, but we have not a rabbit in the town; what few
pease

pease remain in our garden are as old as Adam, and as for tarts, we never make but of a Saturday."

"God allay my appetite," exclaimed I, walking up to the larder, "why, what have you got?"

"Please yourself, your honor," cried she, throwing open the door of the safe, where, to be sure there was plenty, but all of one flavour, for except a scrap of cold beef, and a ham bone, I could see nothing but neck of mutton, shoulder of mutton, leg of mutton, and mutton chops, something similar to Æsop's tongue feast.

"Here seems Hobson's choice!" said I half smiling.

"Aye, there was enough and enough this morning," replied mine hostess, "yes, Sir, plenty of all sorts, roast, boiled, and fried,
but

but the confounded regiment being billeted on us, positively starves us out; and to mend the matter, my fool of a husband must needs be so tender hearted, to take in a young *blackamoor* out of charity, because he came howling to the door, a young fatherless cub, forsooth, for my part I don't suppose the young plague *ever had* a father, unless it was the devil, for he's the *very image* of him; God forgive me, it makes my flesh crawl these hard times."

"I should like to see the boy," said I, "and hear his own story."

"Oh, I makes him *fag* I promise you, you'll see him come in with your supper, I keep his heels from *swelling*, and yet he is always happy, and hard at it from morn to night, grinning like a Cheshire cat."

"Poor fellow," said I, "surely amidst the severity of labour he possesses one comfort, either a forgiving heart or a virtuous conscience,

science, that smiles defiance at the hardships he is doomed to brave."

"Well, Sir," replied she, "don't let's waste time talking about Yanko, for I must consider where to put you, our house is full in every room, and to be sure you won't like to sit a bit in the kitchen, till our little parlour can be cleared of a few farmers, who are just upon the go."

"Any where," said I, "for I am rather chilly, so I'll watch the progress of my supper, in some snug chair; lay me on a few of those chops, for they will be ready in a trice, and send Yanko with some ale."

"Follow me then, your honor," cried she, and whisking before me with a wind in her gown tail strong enough to cut one's legs in halves, ushered me to a high-backed chair, in a comfortable corner of a nice white stone

VOL. II. F kitchen

kitchen, before whose fire sat a poor invalid foldier, shivering with the ague.

"Come, stir your stumps," cries my host-ess, "here's no room for you, *shivering* and *shaking*, stand out of the way, Master, don't you see yon gentleman wants to come to the fire; I wish to Christ you was draughted home, for I am sure you have had *draughting* enough here."

The poor fellow shook his head—swallowed his little drop of warm purl—seemed to feel the force of her inhumanity but did not murmur—his chair was civilly vacated, and he walked slowly out of the kitchen.

"Don't suffer him to be disturbed," whispers compassion, "ask him to return." I twitched his sleeve as he passed, and I saw a tear tremble in his eye. "If you are not going to rest, in the course of half an hour," said I, "come to me in the little parlour on the left hand of the bar, we will chat away

an hour, but we will neither spend it in severe reproof for what cannot be amended, nor revile the lip that utters an unmerited sarcasm." — I looked at my hostess, but she did not understand me, yet the foldier certainly did, bowed, promised to attend me, and retired.

THE AFRICAN BOY.

YANKO now entered with a mug of ale, but puss, who had concealed herself snugly under the threshold of the door, to watch the evolutions of a suspected mouse, unfortunately threw poor Yanko plump into the middle of the kitchen, with his waistcoat and bosom deluged in the liquor. I jumped up to assist him, but the nimble hand of his mistress, who was close at his heels, roused him with a sound box of the ear, and hauling him up by one arm, vociferated a volley of harsh invectives, 'till I interferred, and laid the
the

the blame on the cat, who certainly had created the mischief.

“Don’t tell me of the cat,” cries she, “it was his devilish *black awkwardness*, and so because he shan’t have that excuse, I’ll twist the toad’s neck to-morrow, and if I could catch her now, I’d give her a dance by the tail over the tiles; there’s a pint of ale wasted and my kitchen all of a swim, I have a great mind to rub his *snub nose* in it.”

Fearful of farther exasperation, I begged her to be pacified, assured her I would pay for the accident, which I trusted would set all to rights, and so it did, for she soon after took her leave, and sent me a second mug.

“Yanko,” said I, when we were left alone, “how old are you?”

“Me fifteen, massa, but me no wish see fifteen more years, me worke, worke, like a mule, and Mistress scold poor Afric boy,

and dat my strap too," continued he, pointing to a leather thong something like a cat of nine tails, "Miffée make me dat to lash poor back—all red—all fore—no sleep—great pain upon the straw, and den *God's wet* come trow great hole, and wash vid little drops all night, make me much cold, much sick."

"Poor wretch!" said I, "what your Mistress lays you on straw, in the garret, where the holes in the tiling, of a rainy night, wets you to the skin?"

"Oh! yes, Massa, and den no much eat, very hungry, no *sheeps*, no *little cows*."

"What no veal or mutton, I suppose," replied I, "you have bread and cheefe then?"

"Oh, yes, great hard bread, and all de *dirty skin* for Yanko, not de white," continued he, laying his jetty hand on mine, to denote the colour of the rind and inside of the cheefe.

"And

"And what would you do if you had some silver money?" said I.

The poor boy looked wistfully at me, then at his pocket, "Give it Miffy," said he, "if she no scold and beat poor slave."

"And would you not buy some meat then, Yanko?"

"No, me no want meat if Miffy be much kind."

What an excellent heart! How fraught with generosity! Yanko would have died for a good word, he would even have given every farthing he could scrape to purchase but one smile, one look of commiseration; alas! that faculty was dormant, and this miserable African will, I fear; never rouse it in such a mercenary recess, as the bosom of his inveterate mistress, who now entered to assure me, if I would walk into the parlour, my supper should be served in ten mi-

nutes, which I believe was punctually observed, and as Yanko waited, two extra chops filled a small portion of the cavity in his hungry stomach, and I never relished my supper so well in my life, from the pleasure I received in the joyful and grateful countenance and acknowledgment of my little half famished African, who it seems was brought over an infant, and cruelly abandoned by its inhuman mother, was then put to the parish, and from thence recommended to the care of a Captain, to convey back, who accidentally calling on my host about two months since, prevailed on him to take the little child of misery in the capacity of *scout*: Thus ended his artless narrative, and the bell ringing, he flew with *indian* swiftness to obey its summons, and a humble tap at the door soon after announced

THE INVALID SOLDIER.

“**I**F your heart is the monitor of your eye,”
 said I, “it seems to tell an eloquent
 tale, sit down, my friend, and share my glass,
 I have heard enough of the calamities of our
 brave soldiers, in the present war, and ’tis my
 pride to console and relieve them; as far as
 my little stipend will permit, to share it with
 every deserving object, prithee then, whence
 came you?”

“From Gaudaloupe and Martinique, your
 honor, where the hardships of myself and
 F 5 comrades

comrades may be easily conceived when I tell you I have worn my flannel shirt ten weeks without a change—never closed these languid eyes but on the damp cold sod, where the fire of the grape-shot has whizzed within fifty yards of me, and the bravest and most virtuous of our troops, with mangled limbs, have expired in my arms:—I had, Oh, heaven permit, in the moment of peril, a faithful tender wife, and two young babes, no doubt deploring my hapless lot! — Oh! Sir, that thought, and that alone, unman'd me; often as I stretched my shivering limb beneath the covert only of an inclement sky, and then, my noble friend, I do not blush to repeat it, the wretched foldier has not scorned to shed a silent agonizing tear, sacred to his little family;—but now, thank heaven, though an invalid, a few more days will bear me to them, if they yet survive, to bless their poor fond father.”

“And heaven grant they may,” said I,
 “and that Old England may long boast a set
 of

of faithful affectionate subjects, happily restored to the comfort of a peaceful happy home, where love may steal the envied laurel from your brow, and veil each care in sweet oblivion on the bosom of affection."

"Now for your toast," continued I.

"My King, my Country, and my lovely Kate," cried he, filling a bumper, while his languid eye sparkled with delight, "and if in the moment of weakness I had not married; my life had ever been freely devoted to my Sovereign; whereas the keener sense of feeling awakened by my parental tie, sometimes makes me timid of my situation, though, heaven be praised, my courage has never found alloy in the exigence of danger, and my brave noble boy's first accent shall oft' repeat our valued Monarch's fame; he too shall tread the path of glory, and if he help to twine the laurel on Britannia's brows, his loyal father will not wish a higher recompense."

“Bravo!” said I, “how I venerate your zeal, and as a proof of my sentiment, accept this trifle,” at the same time dropping a guinea into his hand.

“Heaven reward you, worthy Sir,” replied he, “and though, save my solitary pay, ’tis all the fortune I possess, some portion of it shall be laid out in a necessary piece of furniture for my humble apartment, that when the pressure of necessity makes me part with the last six-pence, I may still boast a memorial of a beneficent stranger, whom I must ever be indebted to, and whom my utmost gratitude can never recompense.”

“One more glass,” said I, “to cancel obligation, for ’tis you have now made me the debtor.”

Our conversation wanted no spur, and various military topics furnished our tête-à-tête ’till the stroke of eleven made the soldier start. “They suppose me in bed, your honor,

nor, I must therefore unwillingly quit your amiable and envied company, for being indulged by the Captain to pass an extra hour by the fire, I would not encroach on his kindness."

"I shall see you no more then," said I, "but set off early, probably by day break, and may you meet your wife and babies with every degree of rapture your heart anticipates."

The soldier bowed, laid his hand on his bosom, and reluctantly withdrew, whilst I retired to my pillow, happy in having relieved a fellow creature, and grateful to Providence for blessing me with a supply proportioned to my inclination.

I heard the reviellee beat at three in the morning, I heard also the village clock's vibration every hour; in short, the soldier's gratitude had overpowered every other idea,
and

110 THE OBSERVANT PEDESTRIAN.

and the soft melodious voice under my window about six o'clock, induced me to leave my pillow, as the soft tone repeated thrice at the door, — "Who'll buy my Water Cresses."

FALSE

FALSE DELICACY.

“**I** WILL,” said I, throwing up the window, and wrapping myself in the red check curtain, for modesty sake, “I’ll buy some for my breakfast.”

Now happening to be particularly fond of this vegetable, it was very lucky the girl should call, both for the benefit of her pocket and gratification of my appetite—I am not a glutton, but the sentence seemed to sound in my ears the whole time I was dressing, and to mend the matter, my over haste not to detain the

the girl made me twitch a button from my shirt collar. "It looks indelicate," said I, "to go down with my neck bare, so I'll e'en borrow a pin of mine hostess."—Luckily on the first landing place I met her, and clapping my hand to hold the collar together, "A pin, a pin," said I, and probably by my haste gave the hostess an idea I was strangling with one actually in my throat, for she flew from me, screamed out to the waiter, and brought him with a pair of small nippers to my assistance, while my deuced unlucky cough, as if to tantalize me, seized me at the moment, and I was obliged to sit down on the stair, apparently in agony from the pin.

"Pull it out, Tim, pull it out, I am sure he'll be choaked," cried she, "and I would not have him die in the house for the world, I should be frightened to death at the thought of his ghost, so I say, Tim, pull it out, don't you see how he struggles, why he's as black in the face as a *neger*."

In

In vain did I endeavour to push them away 'till I could recover my breath, to rectify the mistake, to the great comfort of my hostess. "This," said I, "is the fruits of false delicacy, if I had not been so squeamish in holding my collar, I should not have created this disturbance, but now to relieve the patience and suspense of my little

WATER

WATER-CRESS GIRL.

THE girl was standing pensively by the side of the basket arranging the Cresses to the best advantage—her tattered petticoat was pinned up very short, and though her black worsted stocking had a hole above the ankle, it discovered a skin white as alabaster, and as pretty a turned leg as any *little pickle* in the kingdom — her hand too was sweetly formed, though not so delicate as the more guarded part I have just described, and her white teeth artlessly displayed, still more excited my admiration, yet she was not pretty.

“How

"How do you sell them, my girl?" said I.

"A penny a bunch, and please your honor?"

"Then I shan't be a customer, I detest imposition, I shall have two at least, or none."

"No, no," your honor, I can't afford it, Water-Cresses are very dear."

"And why so?"

"On account of the war, and please you, there's nobody left at home to gather them, and they say mother *Skipton's Prophecy* is coming true, and if so, husbands will be fine and scarce, and as we women must then work for ourselves, 'tis fit we should not work too hard, or sell too cheap, while we are young, because we shall have nothing then to lay by, and comfort us when we are old and feeble: No, your honor, nothing then but rags and age, for, Lord help us, who will take care
of

of old women? Poor men *can't* afford it, and rich ones *won't*, so you must not blame us, Sir, we have many a wet shoe and weary leg, dabbling in the rivulets—do but look, what beautiful Cresses, your honor, I'm sure you don't grudge poor Margery a penny."

The girl's witticisms had pleased me, and I threw the halfpence in her basket: "Be-gone, you sly baggage," said I, "who taught you to plead scarcity on account of the war? Water Cresses are a *luxury* we can do without, and if there is nobody to gather them, those who chuse to please their palate, may take a morning's walk and gather them themselves, and where could be the mighty trouble, for God's sake? You lead a plaguy lazy life, you huffey, and if the prophecy should come true, you must work a little, harder."

"Lord, Sir, don't be hard hearted," replied she, and making her *fashionable* dop, ran singing along.

THE SURPRISE.

WHILST I sat picking my Cresses over my bread and butter, a poor little boy begged charity at the window, for his mother, who, he said, lay-in of twins in a farmer's barn in the next village, on her way to —, to meet her husband, who was quartered there, and from whom she had received a letter. The door opening into another room, where three young bucks were lounging over their breakfast, I silently pointed to the boy, after relieving him, to go and repeat his tale to them, not doubting but he would get something, even for the honor of humanity—but I was quite mistaken.

“ A

"A fine story," cries ones, "twins, to be sure; and a soldier's wife, no, no, I an't *dished* there."

"Two wise cubs, I dare swear, if they could ever find out their own father."

Cruel odium, thought I.

"What business had your old fool of a mother to have children, ye young dog?"

"I don't know," replied the innocent child, "but mammy cries very much, and the babies cry."

"Ah! the devil doubt it," says a third, "a mighty fine *cat concert* in the poor farmer's barn, to be sure; the young squallers may serve to frighten the rats away; but here, boy, here's a penny a piece for them, and d'ye hear, tell your mother to *twist* their necks, and send them to the *pop shop*."

The

The poor little fellow bowed and scraped for the halfpence, and withdrew.

"Shocked at their barbarity, I watched the child by the window, and asked him the name of his father.

"Gordon," replied the boy, who might almost have levelled me with a feather, for Gordon was the name of the soldier I had just parted with.

"And is not your mother's name Kate?" continued I.

The boy replied in the affirmative, and springing from my chair, I snatched up my hat, "conduct me to her immediately," said I, "I must see her, I know her husband, and will joyfully convey her to him if she can be moved. "Gentlemen," said I, opening the door, "will it be agreeable to contribute a few shillings for an object, whose desert of your favor I will answer for on the veracity of
of

of a man of honor, and I hope I may add, without egotizing a man of *feeling*."

This address had the desired effect, for I instantly received half a crown a piece from them with the excuse, there were so many impostors, it was impossible to know you relieved *only* the deserving.

Flushed with my success, I hurried on about a mile and a half to the poor distressed woman, whom I found in the barn on a truss of straw, with two as fine female infants, about three days old, as ever I saw. Gordon called her lovely Kate, and she actually was as pretty a young woman as I ever beheld; her gratitude was boundless, on my desiring she might be moved on the morrow in a post chaise to the inn where I promised to provide her every comfortable necessary; a thousand times she kissed, and wept over her dear fortunate little suppliant, blessing heaven for such unexpected relief.

"What

"What will my Gordon say, good Sir, for all this kindness heaven and you have showered on us."

"But you had a little girl?" said I,

"Yes, Sir, but she I trust is an angel."

"Compose yourself," said I, "and to-morrow, if you feel stout enough to be lifted into a close warm carriage I will fetch you."

"Kneel down, Henry," cried the poor mother, "kneel and kiss the knees of that excellent gentleman."

The poor woman burst into tears, the child clung around me, and indeed, gentle reader, I never knew my feelings so over powered. "'Tis too much," said I, "heaven preserve you, in a few hours we shall meet again, in the mean time I will write to Gordon, and apprise him of my fortunate discovery."

Nature's sweetest offspring of the heart,
to what boundless delights do you transport
me!—Ah! sensibility, thou purest essence of
the soul, but for thy influence that heart would
be soporific. To-morrow, said I, as I walk-
ed pensively musing, to-morrow shall pro-
duce the brightest glow of happiness my
feeble power can raise.

THE FALL.

ABSORBED in these animadversions I chanced to meet a party of four people, for so they appeared at a distance, as it was impossible, save by a woollen petticoat to distinguish of what specie they ranked, and had there been a fete champetre in the vicinity, I should have supposed two of the beaus had popped on petticoats, for the sake of sporting masquerade dresses through the village, but on a nearer view I discovered two of them to be ladies, who had fashionably adopted the masculine *Spencer*, cropt their hair close, plat-

ted it behind, and were marching, with short canes and folded arms as formidable as a centinel carries his musket, so in order to give them free room on the foot path, I stept rather on one side the bank, and my foot slipping, rolled me into the road—But though I was for a moment stupified, the loud *horse laugh* of the *Spenceretta's* soon roused me.

“What’s the old fellow top heavy,” cries one of the gentlemen, laughing, and pointing most cruelly, without offering me the least assistance, or complaisance, although my civility to them had incurred the accident.

“Probably, Sir,” said I, “it was my superior weight of *brain* over balanced me as *we* passed.”

“Insolent old *quiz*,” cries one of the ladies, “how dare you talk to people of fashion and rank?” surveying me through a glass that depended from her button.

“*Rank*

"*Rank* manners sure enough," said I.

"Hold your tongue, you dog, or I'll knock you down," answered one of the beaus, shaking a little wanghee, about half a yard long at me.

"Knock me down, what with that formidable weapon?" said I, "an owl or a tom tit, for it seems to be a very good situation hereabouts to try your skill, though it may not be, the first time you have sported a *pair of owls* through the village."

"That nettle stings," says reason, "don't meddle with it—if one has pierced you bear it patiently, wrap it in the antidotal leaf of discretion, and defy its imagined venom from injuring you. But I am very angry," says I, "and my shoe is ripped entirely open, and that provokes me"—"fortune will find means to repair it, though you are *pierced to the sole*," whispers hope, and so it proved, for I soon after came to the stall of

AN ENTHUSIASTIC COBLER.

CRISPIN was seated in a little shed, encircled with his whole paraphernalia, cramming a plate of beef and cabbage through his old spectacles, fastened with a wax-end round his red woollen night-cap: — “Crispin,” said I, “here’s a neat little job, how many minutes more shall you be at dinner?”

“Eight and forty,” cried he.

“Eight

"Eight and forty!" reiterated I, "impossible, I'll bet a guinea it an't five."

"Five," cried he, "God love your soul, five won't be half a quarter enough."

"Then I'll give you ten."

"Lord what's ten? ten hundred times ten won't be more than is necessary to finish them," continued he, tapping the beef and cabbage with his knife, "no, no, it won't be too much to tuck up by all account."

"Why what the devil are you talking about?" said I.

"What!" replied he, "why the P— of W—'s new sheets, to be sure, eight and forty yards in a pair, as true as you're living, the parson of our parish told our post-master he had seen them; nine shillings a yard, man, all made of curious *dutch holland*, I have thought of nothing else since yesterday, it

runs in my head like a new tune—Went for half a skin of leather yesterday, how much do you want, says Master Tanner? Eight and forty yards, says I, at least. That's impossible, says he. But our parson will swear it, says I. And who the devil's to pay for them? says he. Why his H——, to be sure, says I. What for your leather? says he to me again. Leather, says I, you fool, no his own fine sheets I mean. So then the matter was out, *you see*. But we had liked to have been ducedly warm, for as I never tell a lie I hate to be contradicted: But come, what does your shoes want, for I have a power of jobs in hand."

"Aye, eight and forty at least, I suppose," said I, heartily enjoying the jest.

"Aye, well, laugh away," said he, "it's good fun; why, zounds, one of them would cover our whole village of a stormy night, there we should be so snug, who but we."

Observing

Observing a great number of chalk strokes on the side of the stall, I ventured to inquire the meaning of them.

“Why,” said he, “I can neither read nor write, but I can count as far as fifty, and so I made forty-eight strokes, and then rubbed out half to see how much there was in one sheet; that’s how I calculate; so now if the parson was to ask me the question, as he loves to puzzle me some times, and call me stupid old dog, now I shall be a match for him and his *scholarification*.”

My curiosity was well gratified, and I actually did not repent the accident, since it had introduced me to develope so eccentric a being — my shoe was cleverly repaired, and happening to draw my watch and proclaim it *eight and forty* minutes past twelve, away flew Crispin to carry home a pair of the post-master’s pumps, and probably gain a fresh scrap of news, and the next time I pass that village I will certainly inquire for little eight and forty, the village Crispin.

THE PERSUASION.

WHEN I got to the Inn, the landlady entered the parlour, "would you like to go to the ball to night, Sir, we shall have vast genteel company, tickets are only three shillings and six-pence a piece, and I am sure you will be entertained—we always provide the supper, indeed we have a little matter of feeling out of the tickets, beside the lighting of the room, so, Sir, if its agreeable to you, I think you won't repent."

"Any thing to please the women," said I, "but how must I dress?"

Oh!

"Oh! as you please—a little smartish or so."

"And what time does it begin?"

"Six o'clock punctually, supper at nine, and breaks up at eleven."

"That will suit me very well," said I, "and as I am not a very discontented being, I dare say I shall find *some* amusement."

My hostess was highly pleased, thanked me a hundred times for my politeness, and withdrew to send somebody to spruce my shoes and buckles, brush my coat, and order the friseur to come and comb out my wig.

"What time would you please he should come, Sir?" said the waiter.

"Five o'clock, but stay, tell me where he lives and I will call and give my own orders while my dinner is preparing." So off I set, and in a few moments arrived at the shop of

THE LOQUACIOUS FRISEUR.

"**P**RAY comb my peruke," said I, "and if 'tis necessary, add a little powder, for I am going to your ball to night, do you expect it will be pretty full?"

"Oh! yes, Sir; yes, Sir; yes, yes, yes; there will be a good round company; bless me, I shall hardly have time to dress you, for I have five ladies tetes now to finish and carry home; look here," continued he, producing them, "here, here, here, and there again for instance, that's Mrs. Doseum's, the Apothecary's

tary's wife, and this Mrs. Fleecewell's, the Lawyer's Lady, and the others are Mrs. Dip's the Tallow-Chandler's, I must take two to her, to try which she likes best, so, Sir, I do not see how its possible, but if you'll set down I'll just give it a turn—blefs me, I have had a power of business to day, I have been curling the two Miss Weazy's, rich old maids, who mean to sport ringlets this evening, because they hear the officers of the cavalry will attend, and who knows but we may make a conquest, says Miss Deborah to me, though she is as ugly as sin, and as crooked as a ram's horn. Mrs. Fleecewell too complained her tete fell off last ball, dancing scotch reels, and a young buck picking it up, popped it upon his own pate, and very seriously presented it to the mortified lady, and, would you believe, after that, he had the assurance to swear he had been tête-à-tête with her, and so he had to be sure, but it raised a fine hubbub, on more accounts than one, but I say nothing, I say nothing, that's my plan,

I never meddle with *any body's* concerns but my own, and then I'm snug you know."

A servant coming in then called him away, and as my bob was smoothed, I marched back to dinner, after which I fell asleep 'till the clock struck six, and the impatient landlady came to rouse me, telling me, the company were assembling and the music ready.

"And where is it held?" said I, "I have forgot."

"Oh, just up street, at the Bear, my cousin keeps the house, so we go shares," replied she.

"Well then," answered I, "I will tie on a clean cravat, and be there in a few minutes, for as I am no dancer, it's immaterial what time I go, though it seems strange to go to a ball by day-light."

"Why

"Why they begin early, on account of our principal great folks going to London for the winter, that's the reason," said my hostess.

"Lead on then," cried I, "for now I am equipped." So away we bustled to the bear, where in a few moments I was ushered into

MERCEY, I should say, how my eyes wandered from the extraordinary and famous that furnished a literary example to the amount of eight men to the ticket in the black worn cotton boots to catch a lady's foot heel or tip up a trunk and to add to my confusion two blind fellows, and a pipe and tobacco, the fragments of which had met with a fashion, and guinea emitted a most horrid report, but every body's ear and nose not being to drink as mine, it did not appear to affect them.

THE

 THE VILLAGE ASSEMBLY.

MERCY defend me, how my eyes wandered from the *oker walls* to the *tin sconces* that supported a solitary candle, each to the amount of eight, then to the apertures in the black worm eaten boards, to catch a lady's shoe heel, or trip up a buck—and to add to my consternation, two blind fiddlers, and a pipe and tabor, the parchment of which had met with a fraction, consequently emitted a most horrid report, but every body's oral nerve not being so quick as mine, it did not appear to affect them—

I had observed several bright eyes fixed upon me as a stranger, heard many indistinct buzzings, and saw several gentle jogs of the elbow pass among all ages—so taking my seat in one corner, I was determined to make a few observations.

The dancers now arranged themselves;—an enormous fat woman, whose partner was the exact similitude of Moses, and the jolly dame dressed in a loose chemise, though she was at least sixty, coincided the applicable idea of the vicar. Off they bounced in high glee, to the tune of Mistress Casey—I hope I did not laugh, but I am sure I felt the muscles of my face move with risible excitement.

The next couple was a most herculean man, and a diminutive Miss, whom I soon discovered, by a woeful accident, to be one of the old maids the friezeur had spoken of, for in the middle of the dance the gallantry of her gigantic partner must needs pass hands over head in an allemande, and the poor lady's

lady's arms not being of equal length, tangled her feather and with a twitch, levelled the whole head-dress, to the no small diversion of the company, and mortification of the lady, who shammed a swoon, was carried out bald pated, and never more made her entrèe.

— I have certainly found entertainment, thought I, though not such as I expected, yet I'll indulge my curiosity, by seeing all I can.

Two very flashy belles had now arrived to the top of the dance, the most completely ludicrous objects I ever beheld, dressed in the extreme of *turkish* fashion, with their petticoats fastened close under the arm, and trimmed with paper bordering, to represent, as they conceived, the painted ornaments of their superiors, their heads loaded with dirty feathers, and their bosoms decked with metal trinkets; their behaviour was vulgar and fantastic, their conversation illiterate, and to carry every thing to an equal extremity, they had daubed their faces with rose-pink, in imitation,

I presume of Venus's bloom, but fortune it seems did not favor their endeavours, for one of them catching her heel in one of the crevices before described, measured her length, and rent her *paper trimming* half off; but this was not the greatest misfortune she was doomed to experience, for happening to fall near a table, on which was placed some ale and a jug of water, her officious partner sprinkled her face as the lady lay apparently stunned, and, alas! on applying his handkerchief to absorb the deluge, on her recovery, discovered the admired bloom, and fine arched eye-brows of his *dulcina* had imprinted themselves on it, as the memorial of vanity and folly; the lady thus robbed of her charms, was scarcely recognizeable, and her sister persuading her to retire, kindly whispered her she was no longer an object of attraction but derision, from the smears of red and black that streaked her features, and thus we lost a second female from our brilliant assembly, but as it would be too litigious to mention the

vulgarism

vulgarism I saw practised in the course of the evening, I shall finish my detail, as one of the men did the ball, by popping extinguishers over the candle-ends, and lighting the company down with a little snip stuck between his fingers,

THE SUPPER-ROOM.

THE floor of which was nicely sanded, wooden forms set on each side a long table, decked with brass candlesticks, pewter plates, salt cellars, and sauce porringers of the same metal, rusty knives, that had probably carved in the *Ark*, with tin pepper-boxes and earthen mustard pots, by the gross.

My hostess waddling in with a fine boiled leg of mutton, gave me a significant wink, as much as to say, "observe our *spreadation*." At the top smoaked a large dish of cod-fish, and

and chickens, ducks, *bacon, cabbage*, and pies, constituted the collation.

"La! I'm *monstrous* hungry," cries gawky Miss, sticking her fork in a head of cabbage.

"Aye, aye, fine tucking in, replies a little punch man, taking a rare siver of muttōn, and caper-fauce, "this *jumping about* gives me a rare appetite, but I'll have a *swig* of ale for I'm in a rare *prespiration*.—"

That's another delicacy to be added to our bill of fare, thought I, very deliberately taking the wing of a chicken.

"Won't you have no bacon?" cries the plump mutton gobbler, "I'll swear its very fine, for I know the feeding of it, many a wallow has it had in my ditch, I saw it killed too with my *own* eyes."

"Most

"Most *probably*," said I, "if you stood by, but I thank you, Sir, I never eat such gross provision for supper."

He stared at me but made no reply, and I believe felt himself affronted, for he did not utter a single sentence more to me the whole night: Most of the dishes were scraped, and the last drop of pye syrup drained into the plate of my crusty neighbour, who loudly proclaimed, "a drop of the right sort! a *luscious lick*.—

Shocked at such grossieretê, I sat mum chance while the convivial bowl was circling round, and various ludicrous sentiments and songs filled up the vacant hour 'till the clock struck eleven, when every one instinctively jumped up and bustled on their hats, cloaks, and great coats, so taking the *agreeable* hint of departing also, I tripped along the passage, through a range of lanthorns and pattens, and when I got to the Inn, ordered a chaise to be
ready

ready by ten o'clock the next morning, to fetch poor Kate, and the sweet little twins.—

I have not lost my heart to night," said I, as I laid my head upon the pillow, nor do I believe Miss Weazy gained the conquest she hoped, though she certainly created a bustle. But why trouble my head with such nonsense, I'll turn to sleep, and dream of the happy meeting to-morrow—and so I did—waked at eight, took my coffee, dispatched a letter to the Captain, and begged Gordon might be spared a few days, as he was an invalid, to visit his wife, in such an interesting situation, then jumped into the chaise, and found myself in the barn with Kate in ten minutes.

THE CONVEYANCE.

THE poor soul was neatly wrapped up and attended by the farmer's servant, who had dressed the little twins as clean and nice as two new pins, we therefore lost no time in conveying her between us, in a blanket I had purposely borrowed, into the chaise, I then followed to support her against two pillows, and finding her too weak to hold the children, I was determined to commence nurse, so taking one on each knee I sat chirping to them, as they fixed their little bright eyes on me, like a bird to her young.

"I'm an awkward nurse," said I, "but my little charges don't seem to complain, for their sweet placid countenances seem perfectly satisfied."

And now, thought I, if any one should recognize me, getting out of the chaise, with my bargains, what a mighty pretty tale might they not invent; but that won't disturb me, if I can be serviceable to a worthy object.

By this time we were arrived, and the chaise stopping I delivered my charge to the care of my hostess, who looked very arch.

"They are very like their father," said I.

She smiled, fixed her eyes on me, then on the children, as much as to say, she was trying to discover a resemblance.

"Let the good woman," said I, "be put in the bed I ordered this morning, and provide some person to attend her a few days 'till she

she recovers her strength, and I'll be answerable for the incumbent expence."

I now left her to take a little refreshment, and compose herself, while the chaise fetched her husband, who soon after arrived uninformed of the reason of being sent for, as I had begged his Captain not to reveal the cause till I could prepare him, as an invalid, for the unexpected meeting.

When he entered the room I perceived he looked better, expectation too had flushed his cheek. "Gordon," said I, "you wonder at my mysterious conduct, I have sent for you to prove your willingness of rendering me an obligation; in this house is a poor woman, whom I have providentially relieved from the greatest distress, having been taken ill on the road, and brought to bed of twins in a farmer's barn, I found and brought her here, and it is my request you should stand god-father, but you shall first see them."

I then rung the bell, and ordered in the twins—Gordon looked earnestly at them—

“Dear little creatures, how much alike ! Good God how they resemble my dear Kate !” and as he kissed them a tear wetted their little cheeks, “I will obey your wish with pleasure, Sir,” continued he, still gazing on them.

“You must do more, Gordon, you must press them to your bosom, and swear to guard them with parental affection, for they are indeed your own sweet babes, your faithful Kate’s, who is now up stairs, even better than we could expect under the anxiety of seeing you—your dear Henry too is with her.”

“Oh! Sir,” said he, sinking in a chair, “you overpower me with your goodness, I can scarce believe my senses: Ah! let me fly, I conjure you, to my wife, and then invoke heaven to reward you for her preservation.”

“Patience,”

“Patience,” said I, “recover yourself, conceal your agitation, or you will alarm her, although she is apprised of your arrival; — come, take a glass of mulled wine, and wait a few minutes.”

Gordon complied, but his solicitude still increased. “Surely we may venture now, good Sir?”

“You will then follow me, but mind I caution you to be collected.” — He nodded assent, but did not promise, and as I opened the door, he rushed past me and flew to the arms of his affectionate Kate.

THE INTERVIEW.

I WAS incapable of speaking, and I therefore sat me down on the foot of the bed—A torrent of tears burst from their eyes, 'till Gordon at length recovering himself, next pressed his boy to his bosom, then his little girls, then Kate again, and looking earnestly at me, he breathed a silent ejaculation to heaven : — How my heart participated their transport!—What a luxury to a feeling mind ! and I only regretted I was not born a Monarch to have been able to relieve them according to my wish and ability ; however, whil

while heaven empowers me with the privilege of bestowing some small portion of my humble sufficiency, ought I not to consider it equally acceptable to the eye of the Almighty, for surely the Monarch's guinea and the peasant's farthing are equally registered in the page of charity. The overflowings of gratitude beguiled me of a tear, and even the eye of Gordon caught the infection and looked dim, so did Kate's.

"Our happiness, my love, will be incomplete to-morrow," said she, "for our excellent preserver talks of pursuing his journey; yet, why do I regret his loss, some distressed fellow creatures may probably require his assistance, and Providence may again guide him to them, to comfort them as he has done us."

She then whispered her husband—he shook his head—"I dare not ask it, my love, I cannot increase my debt of obligation by soliciting such an honor."

"Wave ceremony," said I, "if the request concerns me."

"Dare I then acknowledge Sir," replied he, "'tis my dear Kate's earnest wish you would condescend to stand god-father to our little twins?"

"With all my heart," said I, "but the ceremony must take place this evening, as I shall depart to-morrow, so order the Curate to step here after dinner, and we'll have a sociable christening supper, for the good of the house: — But what names will you give them?"

"Any you please to chuse, Sir?" replied Kate.

"Then," said I, "let them be called Mercy and Prudence."

Gordon

Gordon smiled, "extremely applicable, Sir," cried he, "and may they ever adhere to their titles."

"I shall now leave you to chat," said I, "while I go and order a couple of fowls for the evening, that we may enjoy our morsel together in this very chamber, and then our good Kate can partake it." So off I brushed to the kitchen, where I found my hostess making some dumplings.

THE SUSPICION.

I WANT two chickens boiled for supper," said I, "to be ready early, and served with etceteras, up stairs, in the good woman's room, and somebody must step to the curate and desire him to attend the christening to night, for I shall not be able to stay longer than to-morrow."

"Then pray Sir who's to take care of the said young creature when you are gone, where will she find a friend if you forsake her?"

"Her

"Her husband," said I, "will protect her to be sure, and take her home as soon as she is capable of going."

"Her *husband*," returned she, laughing and winking her eye, "Lord, Sir, a body can easily discern likenesses, why the little creatures are the picture of you, and half our village will have it you had your *reasons* for being so tender-hearted to a poor *misfortunate* girl; but, as I said to the folks, says I, what's that to any body, *we shall be paid*, and that's enough for us; Lord what if the gentleman did bring the babies, on his knee, and kiss them, as Tom the post-boy said, why sure, says I again, every body have a right to do as they will with *their own*."

"I guessed as much," replied I. "Good God how strange and cruel it is a man cannot do a good action but he must be stigmatized! Is the world become so misanthropic that a charitable action should incur such wonder and severity? If that's the case, what encour-

agement do you give benevolence? Alas! she will shrink from your censure, cruel sarcastic tribe, and leave you to cope with avarice and merited poverty. But you are mistaken, Mistress, the father of those helpless innocents is the invalid soldier now up stairs; not that the village censure affects me, for I enjoy the jest while I know the mother's heart and conscience is pure as innocence on my behalf, and that no stain of convictive error is delineated on mine. — What I have related is fact, but if you don't chuse to believe it, *enlarge* on the subject as much as your ideas prompt you." — Again she smiled and I marched off.

THE PROGRESS OF REPORT.

FIVE o'clock announced the Rector, who strutted into the room with the air of a Nabob.

"Where are these young twins? I understand they don't belong to this parish, and that their mother was a vagrant found in some barn in the next village, if so, we must be circumspect that they don't become chargeable here."

"Any

"Any thing more, Sir, to say, before we proceed?" cried I, rather ironically.

"No, Sir, returned he, "that's quite enough, surely 'tis not a time to add to the oppressive burthens we already sustain, provisions, taxes, &c. are quite sufficient to keep us poor as Job, without taking the bread from our own children, to give to stranger's bastards, pauper's brats."

"Have a care," replied I, "you do not advance that you can't prove, why then cruelly adjudge a calumny on these innocent babes, before you have convinced yourself they unhappily possess such criminal parents; so now, good Sir, to confute your aspersion, and rectify the error, I must inform you they are legitimate children, of honest industrious parents, and 'tis my pleasure, as a man possessing some small share of humanity, to have them christened, at my expence—your fees,
Sir,

Sir, shall be duly answered, therefore proceed to the baptism as soon as you please."

"By all means," answered he, "I am *now* satisfied."

Previous to his arrival, I had persuaded my hostess to stand god-mother, we therefore assembled, and the ceremony was performed, though the Rector seemed much astonished at the refined names we had chosen, however, a glass of wine and his compliment set him quite in good humour, and, thank heaven, he soon after took his leave. Gordon was in high spirits, so was Kate, and the evening passed cheerfully away.

"God preserve ye, happy couple," said I, rising from my chair as the clock struck eleven, "be ye virtuous, faithful, and industrious, and Providence will never desert ye in the moment of distress, 'twas him guided me to your relief, and though it may seem an eccentric tale, my heart acknowledges its reality,

ality, with unfeigned pleasure and satisfaction.

Kate's heart was full—Gordon's eyes were eloquent—but his tongue was mute, and pressing my hand to his heart with enthusiastic gratitude, lighted me down stairs.

THE EMIGRANT.

AS I rose early, I sat off three miles to breakfast, and having a small hole in my shoe, a sharp flint had pierced my foot, and to remedy the inconvenience by changing the shoe, I stopped at the park-gate of a nobleman, down the avenue of whose lofty elms I perceived the young Lord with two servants, driving before them a poor Frenchman, with a little pedlar's box of curiosities—In vain the poor fellow expostulated, and implored, by his suggestion, but not a soul understood him, and he could not speak a word of English.

“ You

"You rascally French spy," exclaimed the young Lord, "demolish his trumpery, Stephen, and give him a good ducking."

"What, Sir," said I, "is he an itinerant beggar, has he stolen any thing, or behaved ill?"

"Oh, no, no," answered he, "neither, but it seems he has got some french boxes, watch papers, and nick-nacks of his own making, I suppose, and he wants to sell them; now as I detest the sight of the fellow, I set my foot in his curiosities, and am bundling him off my premises, and in order to cool his courage from going to any body else's house, I shall give him an English dip."

"Bless me," said I, "I understand the language, permit me to speak to him, hear his tale and intention, and mitigate your wrath."

"Aye

"Aye let's hear him *sputter*," replied his Lordship.

I then addressed the unfortunate emigrant, and learnt that the little box of curiosities was the poor fellow's own composition to excite charity, for which boon he sold them at a very trifling profit—the trembling creature appeared half famished, begged me to make a thousand excuses to his Lordship for his intrusion, and as he adjusted the fragments of his shattered bagatelles, he heaved a deep-drawn sigh—and I another.

"Object of misery!" said I, "how it grieves my heart to see thee thus abandoned by a civilized nation, driven with every harsh menace and derision from the gate of prosperity, even when you did not crave assistance, without retaliating the compliment: But have you not partook the English bounty subscribed with cheerfulness and compassion for the benefit of the unhappy French emigrant?"

"I

“I have, Sir,” replied he, “received a liberal portion to relieve my necessities, and I now conceive it my duty to support myself, and by some mode of industry, to earn a scanty pittance; my father suffered under the axe of the guillotine, but blessed be the holy virgin, he died free from every crime of which cruel *suspicion* alone found him guilty—my wife died of grief, and my sons are both dragged to the army, where like two beautiful and blooming flowers the scythe of glory will I trust sweep them from the baneful soil, and transplant them pure as now they are to flourish with immortal blossom—what then remains for me but poverty and sorrow, I have fled my country, when I would scarce unwillingly have relinquished life, but to gratify the happiness of my boys, I have retired in the shades of obscurity, for, alas! my little stipend was soon, very soon, exhausted in procuring temporary comfort for my parent, under his oppressive captivity, while the few remaining livres, with two louis, were

all that remained to bring me to a foreign land, where I was soon divested of my cash, and left a friendless beggar, unpitied and unknown; my lord too has cruelly bereft me of a few shillings, by wantonly demolishing my little merchandise, but I murmur not, he is an *English Nobleman*—I a French mendicant; be so obliging then, Sir, to ask my dismissal, and say I require no restitution for the damage, but tell him 'tis the first time I ever found inhumanity recessed in an *English bosom*."

My Lord now requiring an explanation, I repeated the emigrant's tale verbatim.

"I forgot, indeed, I was an Englishman," replied he, "and the merited reproof I have received shall ever be a lesson; give him this trifle, Sir, (presenting a guinea) and say I am sorry for my impetuosity, and that my heart stands convicted: Good morning, Sir, this incident will I trust regulate my passions in future,

future, and I shall then hold myself indebted even to a *French* monitor."

The emigrant pressed my hand, uttered a profusion of thanks to his Lordship, and we turned from the gate at the same moment.

"*Ju prendré caffè avec moi,*" said I, laying my hand on his sleeve.

"*Nous iron ensemble au prochain auberge, —vous mèn faite grand honneur Monsieur— Je ne suis daingne,*" and his penetrating dark eye assumed its wonted fire, in consequence of my invitation,—yes, the gleam of satisfaction restored it the lustre it was wont to sparkle with in happier days, as he confessed the sense of his obligation, and various political inquiries, on both sides, beguiled the way, 'till we come to the next little village where the best auberge, as the emigrant stiled it, appeared scarcely capable of furnishing our intended cup of coffee, and I also much
feared

feared the politeness of his second reception, and so it proved, for the first thing the landlord did was to view him from head to foot with an air of the most sovereign contempt.

"Caffé," said the poor emigrant, "caffé, if you *ples*."

"I don't please *no* such thing, *Monseigneur*," replied he petulently, then turning to me with as different a countenance as a harlequin could assume in a twinkling, "I had rather have a whole regiment of soldiers billeted here three days," said he, "than entertain a crafty French devil as many hours."

"That's the very essence of prejudice," replied I, "this wretched individual may probably be as innocent and tranquil a subject as yourself, but a man oppressed as his sorrowful story relates, had not need encounter misery in a land of happiness and liberty;—he asks no charity, is capable and willing to
defray

defray every expence he may incur under your roof, and as he behaves respectfully to you, why treat him with derision and contempt?—Can you harden your heart against an unfortunate being, whom a national calamity (in which he bore no part) has involved in sorrow and ruin; was your family inhumanly murdered, your children torn from your bosom, and initiated to point the first sword they could wield at that very bosom, in return for the anxious hours of parental solicitude;—Was your property rapaciously plundered, and you driven in a state of famine and despair from your more comfortable roof, where you eat the bread of industry, with virtuous contentment—was you, I repeat, to cast a long sad lingering look on such terrific devastated scenes, and, wrapped in your only remaining garment, you wandered a solitary exile to some more hospitable clime's protection; would you not find your sorrows doubly increased by being denied every comfort and consolation a wounded heart could

could find, devoted to the humanity of strangers, who repulsed your proffered civility with disgust, and smiled at your distress, what then would your innocence avail you more than him, if, deaf to pity, no one *credited* your assertion? — Alas! reflect but a moment on these circumstances, and acknowledge the revival of compassion in your bosom, for, as an Englishman, I trust it reigns predominant.”

My mother has often told me if I had been bred to the bar, I should have made an incomparable *special* pleader, and I must allow I scarce recollect an instance of entreaty where my solicitude has ever failed of obtaining the wonted requisition;—yes, gentle reader, I even softened the heart of this inveterate landlord, and had the pleasure to see him serve in the coffee with civility, and refuse the money for the emigrant’s refreshment.

“Explain to him, Sir,” said he, “though an indigent man, I *scorn* to rob the poor; and

add also, he is heartily welcome, as I trust to your honor, as a countryman, he has not imposed a falsehood on either."

The emigrant expressed his obligation once more to me, bade me adieu, and took a different route across the country.

THE UNEXPECTED TREAT.

IT happened to be market-day at the next town, and as I am fond of seeing a store of provision set out in that kind of stile, I strolled into the midst of the market.

“Have it, or leave it, its six-pence a pound,” cries a jolly upstart young butcher, to a poor woman, whose apparent situation almost demanded it a present, rather than have met a disappointment.

Though I don't like to be impertinently curious, I could not for my life help observing her choice — 'twas a humble piece of brisket beef her longing eyes and eager hands had fixed on, and I was convinced from her reluctance to give it up she had anticipated its flavor every time she had turned it about, however as her pocket was not adequate to the gratification of her palate, she trotted off with a few pounds of breast of mutton, still casting a lingering longing look at the debarred morsel. — Ah! thou shalt have it, thought I, so purchasing the identical piece, I followed her and dropped it into her apron, "A friend makes you a present of it," said I. The woman courtied, and stared with pleasure and astonishment, while I decamped to avoid her unmerited thanks;—unmerited, because I had surely gratified myself if possible more than her..

'Tis an ill wind blows nobody good, thought I, the butcher has profited in the sale
of

of two joints instead of one, the woman I trust is gratified, and I am happy in contributing to the pleasure and service of a fellow creature; this proves the above mentioned proverb, and as 'tis not the first adduced proof, neither may it be the last;—and that the affluent man may ever have inclination to relieve the indigent one, is my earnest hope, as I have ever endeavoured to support the example.

THE RAGE.

"**H**OW do you sell those pincushions and garters?" said I, passing the basket of an old woman.

"Four pence a piece, your honor, and six-pence a pair, the garters are itout and long, your honor, real new fashion Brunfwicks."

I smiled at the old girl's invention to sell her little merchandise, but I was not to be hummed.

"That's

"That's very dear," said I.

"Every thing's dear, your honor, why worsted is scarce since the war, for its all used now-a-days for the soldiers' cloathing, poor devils—I wish I was among um, I could sell my goods at any price, Brunswicks or no Brunswicks, if it was merely for the sake of keeping them warm."

"I dare say," said I, "if I was to ask what these rabbits were, the poulterer would tell me *Brunswicks*; a certain butcher I suppose, meant the same just now when he asked a poor woman six-pence a pound for brisket of beef, so it must certainly be à la Brunswick likewise; however, though I detest imposition, let me have two pincushions and two pair of stocking-straps, for the sake of rewarding your ingenuous *lie direct*."

"Well, Sir," answered she, suppose it was a fudge, so much the better, who'd give a rush for any thing English now Brunswick's

the rage, why I've sold thirty yards of brown ribbon to the market girls to-day, because it was Brunswick, and two of them rode quarrelling home, because one happened to say her old horse, Dobbin, was just a complete Brunswick-brown; Lord, Sir, this royal news has kicked up as much dust among us as the post-boy's horse did through the town, when he brought the news-paper with the intelligence."

My purchase was now wrapped up, and popping them into my pocket, I marched off.

THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

NOW from the moment I bought them I determined giving them to the first pretty girl I met, who boasted Brunswick-brown eyes and ringlets, and as I was fauntering along, two devilish pretty mantua-makers were stuck up at a low casement window, at work, something it seems tickled their fancy, and one of them very familiarly nodded.

“You seem a merry one,” said I, approaching, “and as I love to dispense my fa-

vors amongst those who appear most affable and good-natured, here's a pincushion to make you careful of your pins, and a pair of garters each, to induce you to keep your stockings tight—and I have still another reason," continued I, addressing the brunetta girl first, "as you have got Brunswick eyes and ringlets, you shall have the dark ones, and your fair companion these blue ones, so if any body asks you whence you had them, say a Pedestrian traveller gave you them as the memorials of *British Blue* and *Brunswick Brown*, and my life for't *somebody* will understand the riddle."

The girls laughed and thanked me, but they did not perfectly conceive my meaning, and I thinking their comprehension rather too dull to take the trouble to enlighten, soon after bade them adieu.

THE LULLABY.

LULLABY, lullaby, sung an old woman, in the tone of a screech-owl, before the Inn window, lullaby, lullaby, repeated she.

“Ah!” said I, “nothing but lullaby will ever sooth your voice, sure enough, chucking her a copper to induce her to march off, but I was mistaken, for it had just the contrary effect, and she raised the tone still a note higher.

“Confound you, you bawling screaming toad,” cries an old surly farmer, from an
I 6 upper

upper window, "you shall have a patent, you huffey, for raising even the devil, with such a pipe as you cry your lullaby, it has disturbed mine, get over to the Hottentots, and the Indians, and tip um the war hoop, you shrieking cat, rot me if I had not sooner hear an old hog tangled in a gate."

The window was flapped down, and the woman still continued to repeat lullaby.

Reviellee, cried a foldier, in unison, 'till he provoked the songstress so much, she could hold it no longer.

"If I was a poet," said the foldier, looking at me, "I'd paraphrase it, for I'll swear 'tis reviellee, and not lullaby, though to be sure different people different feelings, in such cases, for a fellow foldier wrote me from Guadaloupe, saying he was just revived by a nice nap, when he took up the pen into which the thunder of the cannon had soothed him, so in that case this said lullaby might have had

had a similar effect, but for God's sake, good woman, spare our more tender nerves the cruel repetition, and we'll buy up all your ballads to light pipes with, which is the only chance they have of verifying their title."

It little mattered to the woman what use they were appropriated to, provided she had the money, with which she walked off perfectly contented, and I sat as contented down to my dinner.

THE SOLITARY PASSENGER.

"SIR" said the landlord, entering abruptly, "our house is so full we have no other room than this, and if you would not think it an intrusion, here's a sweet young lady come alone in the stage, who would be happy to be accommodated for an hour, while the coachman stays, and really, Sir, she is too genteel to set in our kitchen, I could not think of asking her to accept a seat there, but as you were alone, Sir, and seemed a mighty good sort of gentleman, I made bold to ask the favor."

"Desire the lady to walk in, without farther ceremony," said I, "I never objected to a female companion in my life."

Away flew the landlord, and soon returned with his fair solitary—she was an elegant female, dressed in white, and her face concealed by a long black veil—her address polite, easy and genteel—her conversation lively and brilliant, fraught with sensibility and expressive, of a refined education, improved by natural talents.

"I regret, Madam," said I, "we must part in the course of an hour, and I regret also you have thirty miles more to travel alone, perhaps."

"And yet that, Sir," replied she, "is my only comfort, I shall then escape discovery, and I shall have time to recover my agitated spirits unobserved, for alas! Sir, I have but a few hours escaped eternal ruin and misery; you, I am convinced, will never impeach me
should

should I be pursued, for your politeness and candour have led me to hope you would feel too much compassion for a helpless young creature, to premeditate with and assist the diabolical wretches who have planned the basest delusions for me. Alas! Sir, I shudder to repeat I have been invited to the house of the vilest of women, under the fallacious surmise of her being a woman of high rank, virtuous principles, and unblemished character; our acquaintance was formed a few weeks since, at Brighton, where the polite attention and repeated favors heaped upon me, induced my fond guardian to part with his Caroline, for a fortnight's visit to London. The faithful promise of so fine a young woman as Lady Clairville to protect me, could not be refused, and her carriage conveyed me in every stile of elegance to town, where it was reported we were to meet my Lord, but alas! Sir, the carriage stopped at an elegant house in ——— Street, and my protectress ushered me to a drawing-room of belles and beaus, among

among whom there were many old gentlemen, whose fulsome compliments by no means pleased me ; seven lovely young ladies welcomed me with sisterly affection, and the mother paid me peculiar attention. “We are at present at my mother’s,” said Lady Clairville, “and this, (introducing an elegant but audacious young man) is Lord Clairville.”

The evening conversation seemed restricted, and at an early hour a servant came to shew me my chamber, and after fastening my door as usual, I retired to rest, but about five in the morning somebody rapped softly, and hearing a female voice demanding admittance, I rose and opened it—’Twas one of the young ladies, who throwing her arms round my neck, burst into tears, “Fly, Miss Caroline,” said she, in a low voice, “fly this mansion of iniquity ; I faintly welcomed you last night, because necessitated, but my heart bled for your approaching ruin : — You are
an

an unfulfilled brilliant, I a fallen star—but with a heart as innocent as your own I was basely betrayed:—In short, I have stolen from my pillow to warn you of your destruction; the base Lady Clairville is a false pretender—this house belongs to the old serpent you supposed her mother, and we, alas! are all her victims.

Lady Clairville was purposely sent to Brighton, as a new face, with strange servants and a carriage, to trepan under the most specious guise, any person whose countenance might engage and justify her choice: Tomorrow evening, if you wish to elude the snare, swear never to betray me, and I will contrive to let you out at my window:—Alas! I would follow, but, abandoned by every friend on earth, and becoming a prey when too young to form a plan of saving my innocence, to what receptacle can I fly?"

"To my guardian's," said I, "I shall surely have a right to protect you for life, and ever look

look upon you as my guardian angel, instigated by providence, to save me on the brink of destruction."

She shook her head, "No," said she, "no; I will never make myself burthen some while I can help it, but if you will ensure me some menial situation, in any family near you, and will give me the character I have long lost, I will contrive my escape at some future period, at present I should be suspected—pursued—and thrown into prison for sundry debts and board."

Hearing some door open, she placed her finger on her lip, "to-morrow—I know you are safe, but come to that room, (pointing to an opposite door) as the clock strikes two," away she tripped, leaving me in an agitation more easily imagined than described: Suffice it to add, every one complained of my being very dull all day, which I easily imputed to having quitted my guardian, and
feigning

feigning a violent head-ach, which almost stupified me, I begged to retire at an early hour, which was complied with in the most polite manner, and such caution had been observed all day, as to elude every suspicion from my bosom."

"But to be brief, Sir," continued she, "as I see the horses preparing, at two I packed up my little bundle and cash, and tripped to the room of my protectress, who tenderly pressing my hand, told me, if I could descend by a ladder she had purposely tied in her closet, into the court, she had fastened a string, and would easily and quickly draw it up, as it was very light.

"You must wander in the street 'till four," said she, "when there are several coaches set off at that time to your part of the world, but as you are a total stranger to the town, take a hackney coach, drive to the Inn, and set in it 'till the stage goes off, you are then
safe

safe, and, 'ere discovered, will be many miles from here."

I pressed her to my heart, descended the ladder, and saw it raised again, concealed the bundle, eluded the watchman, and providentially found a coach in the next street, which conveyed me, as my friend advised, to the Inn, where I had the happiness to find myself the only passenger, and so I have continued all day."

The coachman now came to say he waited and after the most friendly congratulation on her escape I could possibly make, I handed the fair solitary to her seat, and wishing her a safe arrival, the speedy vehicle was out of sight in a moment.

Pshaw, said I to myself, as I turned back to sip my Brandy and water, I had scarce time to say a syllable, not an animadversion, not a single sentence have I made. Alas!
poor

poor girl, virtue and friendship were for once
thy real and only protection, and may the
hand and heart that extricated thee experi-
ence retaliated favor.

THE DOLPHIN.

“WELL, what’s got now, Joe?” cried an old woman, with a fishing-net on her arm, as she stood by the side of the bridge I was passing.

“Two gudgeons, mother, but they want boit.”

“C—e the gudgeons,” replied she, “you are biggest amongst them;—Lord rat it, I wish I had the twigging of your ears—five times have I dangled down to this confounded boat,
and

and the deuce of a mouthful am I likely to have for supper. Lord God," continued she, tucking up her woollen petticoat to her knee, and stepping into the boat half full of water, "give me the rod, and I warrant I'll catch a dolphin, or something. I shan't be niggling three hours after two cat sprats."

The boy complied, and the old woman re-baiting the hook, threw it into the water, which happened to be pretty deep and muddy, and the current increasing.

"Now, Joe, now Joe," cried she, "lend a hand, boy, for I'll swear something of surprising weight has just bit, lug it up, Joe, for God's fake, or it will drag me into the river."

"Hold fast, mother," cried he, "God send the line don't break, for I dare swear its a dolphin."

"Hold

"Hold your fool's tongue," cried she, "here it comes, I see its eyes are as green as grass."

"Then the devil take me if I touch it," answered Joe, "it may be a shark, perhaps, for I never heard of a fish with green eyes, so it must be an *outlandish creature*."

But all his argument would not do, it seems, and the old girl persevering, snapt her rod, but unwilling to let go the curiosity, caught the line, and dragged her prize into the boat, after nearly tipping headlong, and deluging both arms, her handkerchief and gown, besides standing up to the mid leg in water,—
 "Now for it, Joe," cried she in ecstasy, "I thought I should not fish for nothing."

"Why Lord, mother," replied Joe, "I told you it would be a new-fashioned fish when you caught one, look at its green eyes, mother," continued he, laughing and holding

his sides, "do pop on your barnacles and examine."

"The old woman now half incredulous, and much provoked, whipped on her best eyes, and to her great mortification, found she had only drawn up a lump of stone entangled in some weeds, which constituted the idea of green eyes. "Well," cried she, "I have broke my best rod, soufed myself from head to foot, caught a fine cold I suppose, and now I must march home, with two gudgeons, forsooth; — no, no, I'll be hanged if they shan't have another swim," so saying she threw them with the utmost vengeance at arm's length into the river.

"Shall I pop in your dolphin, mother, too," asked Joe.

"Oh, I don't care," replied she, "I wish the boat, and the rod, and the gudgeons, was all at the devil, and you too, loggerhead."

"Why

"Why then," replied the facetious lad, "you must have a good long hobble to fetch your materials ready for the next dolphin drag."

The old woman violently enraged, threatened to break his pate, if he ever mentioned a dolphin again in her hearing.

"Then you'd better pop your apron over your head," cried he gravely, "for you know mother, there's the Dolphin Inn, at the foot of the bridge, and if you should chance to see it, or I should laugh, you'd be more cross than you be now."

The dame now grinned with passion, but Joe perceiving her quicken her pace, snatched up the rod and net, and made the best of his way, still pointing to the sign as he passed under it, with his mother at his heels.

She'll not look up for a guinea, thought I. No more she did, and hobbling on a pretty

quick pace, was soon out of sight. One conviction is enough for a criminal, said I, there is no occasion to repeat it, let the hand that revises correct it on the page of folly, and let it be written with a quill from a wren's wing, and then some part of mankind will not be able to discover it of their own perspicuity, and the tatler, who designedly repeats it, will only add another item to the page of his own catalogue of foibles—and few, God knows, have occasion to enlarge that voluminous monitor.

THE POCKETS.

It was now growing dark, when I returned to the Inn, for as it threatened to be showery and there was no accommodation for five miles, I thought it most prudent to keep snug in my old quarters, 'till the morning, but as I passed through the court-yard, a vociferation of tongues caught my attention.

“Lord,

"Lord, I shall break my neck," cries a fat lady, see-sawing in the coach door stead. "I shan't scramble down that ladder thing, its monstrous dangerous and indelicate."

"Then how will you get out, Mam?" says the coachman, scratching his head, "suppose you are wrapped in the large horse cloths, wound round your legs, Mam, and lifted out, then nobody's delicacy can't be offended no how."

"Pooh," replied she, "what do you take me for a brute, fellow, I'd have you for to know I am an Alderman's only daughter, that my husband has made a fine *fortin* in the pawn-broking line, and that its the first time and the last I will ever let my foot in such a *scrouging squeedging*, rumble-tumble, *jostle-bone thingum-bob*."

"I don't care," said the coachman, "who you are, if you would but please to let me empty my coach."

"I shan't Stir," continued the lady, "'till the yard is clear of men; I thought I should have broke my neck being stuffed in by a parcel of huge toads."

"Madam," said I, "permit me to hand you carefully out, I am an *old married* man, and therefore you can make no sort of objection."

"None at all, Sir," replied she, extending her hand, "we women don't mind shewing an ancle to a married man, so, Sir, I'll e'en venture, with your leave."

The Lady then made an attempt to descend, but it was only an attempt, for being very corpulent, and her pockets well filled with packages, it was impossible to pass thro' the door.

"God blefs me," cried she, "I shall never get out, do push behind, Betty," turning to the

the maid, who, poor girl, was dexterously squeezing her petticoats, but to no purpose.

"Dear heart, Marm, you must take off your pockets, or the coach must be broke to pieces to get you out."

The lady, though very unwilling, was obliged to comply, and experienced a second good tug to draw herself back again. "You are a married man," cried she, winking her eye and drawing off a pair of ticking pockets, as black as a chimney sweeper's bag.

"Lord, Marm," says Betty, hanging them over her arm, "here's a terrible *fox's paw*, for the soft pomatum has melted and ran all over the cold tongue, and the dried sprats, and here's your roll of brimstone, for the cramp, grinded all to powder: Lud a mussy, what a mess!"

The lady's chagrin and my risibility, which I was obliged to constraint; would have clash-

ed very mal-à-propos, therefore handing her into the parlour, I instantly left the room to enjoy a most hearty laugh, at the expence of the flumking lady, her loaded dirty pockets, and fantastical scruples.

THE HOARDED FRAGMENTS.

CURIOSITY is a prevalent failing among every class of society, and as I have frequently improved from scenes clandestinely viewed, without injury to the parties concerned, I have often indulged this natural propensity.

The room to which my host conducted me was very small, a glass-door with a half drawn curtain divided it from another, and the voice of a traveller grumbling over his supper induced me to take a peep through the inviting aperture, where I had a full view

of the growler and his petit soupè, which consisted of a couple of mutton chops, and a small dish of fried smelts, with a few roasted potatoes.

"You need not wait," said the solitary supperist to the waiter, "when I have done I'll ring." The waiter obeyed and withdrew.

"Aye, aye," muttered he as the door closed, "I have dished him, some of this will serve me for dinner to-morrow, and as I must pay for all this why not have my pennyworth for my penny."

Thou art a penurious one, thought I, and I'll watch thy motions.

A quarter of an hour finished his meal, when several pieces of paper were drawn from his pocket, into one of which was carefully folded the three remaining smelts, in a second the solitary mutton chop, and in a third two potatoes, which completely emptied

tied the trio of dishes, a piece of bread and a tolerable portion of cheese, with a little salt in a tin box, compleated the packages, and a quarter of a pint of ale was consigned to the security of a pint bottle, and slipped into a deep side pocket.

The bell was then rung and the cloth ordered to be removed, and whether his conscience smote him I know not, but eyeing the waiter, I'm a hearty supper eater you see, friend," cried he, "and every thing was just done to a turn; and when the chamber-maid brings my candle, desire her to let me have two or three short pieces, for as I often read in my chamber, a high candle dazzles my eyes; or you may bring them now if you will, I can as well read here upon second thoughts."

That's an excellent manœuvre, thought I, Oh, thou adept in subtlety.

The pieces were then brought to the amount of four, and being short snips, one was immediately extinguished out of the two, the instant the waiter left the room, and the other three, as I suspected, secured in another scrap of paper, and consigned to an odd corner of his pocket, appropriated no doubt for such reception; and this picture of penury was completed about an hour afterwards by his ringing for a second supply, and observing "how fast the pieces had swealed away."

Go, wretch, thought I, as he marched off to bed, what fiend is thy inspirator, to inculcate such detestable principles, every vice lurks in thy bosom, and penury, theft, and lying, have already exposed themselves in thy character: Pity, frail mortal, advice could not reform thy error, but I much fear rhetoric would be idly bestowed, where habit has apparently contracted with magnetic influence every specie of vice and folly, and may the ridicule of thy character deter others whose principles are any way infected with

with the same tendency, while a moment's reflection will convince them, derision and contempt will be their continual reception in every mansion of hospitality, and the keen pencil of censure even trace the sarcasm on the tablet of their tomb.

WANDERING through a green lane
the little tribe of a happy group of
children, who were walking in a line
and singing a song.

A group of boys were playing in the
street, and one of them was
on the back of a horse, while a girl
who appeared to be the leader, was holding a
circular in her hand, upon which
the words "INFANTINE" were written.

INFANTINE PITY.

WANDERING through a green lane for the sake of a shade, a group of peasant-children seated on the side of a bank attracted my attention.

A dead sheep was laid in the lap of two fine boys, who were resting its burthen from their shoulders, and each passing their opinion on the cause of its death, while a fine girl, who appeared the eldest, was holding a little creature in her arms, whose pensive eye and upraised little hands seemed bemoaning the
fate

fate of the fleecy wanderer, and at length looking earnestly at the girl, its lisping tongue tenderly exclaimed, "Poor Baa," Again the little eye was steadfastly fixed, and again the little hands were raised and dropped expressive of a sensibility unusual in such an infant.

I could not help kissing the rosy baby, for the little creature interested my feelings, as its little heart beat irregularly with emotions it was incapable of expressing.

"I am afraid it caught cold by being sheared," said one of the little boys.

"Or perhaps," conjectured a charming girl, "it could not get water, poor thing, for it had strayed a long way you know."

"Or it might be worried by some strange dog," cried the eldest sister, "or hunted by some cruel boys 'till it was faint and feeble."

"Oh,

"Oh, no, no," replied the young one, "God Almighty would not let wicked boys hurt a poor little innocent creature, that never did them any harm, sister, for you know our parson said on Sunday, every body would love and protect us if we were innocent and good, and who could be better tempered and more fond and grateful than poor Cisset, you know."

"Ah, it was as harmless as a dove," rejoined the eldest boy, "and we all loved it, many a share has it had of our suppers, indeed I am so sorry I could cry if it was not for shame."

"And do you fear reproof or ridicule?" said I, "if that's the only prevention of the tear, in God's name let it fall, and I'll answer for the derision it shall incur."

"You won't call me foolish then, Sir?"

"No, my noble fellow; I shall prize such a proof of humanity."

"Then

"Then if it is not wicked I'll cry too," replied the innocent little gossip, covering her face with a short ragged apron.

"Amiable children," said I, distributing some money amongst them, "imitative examples of piety and compassion, virtue is so deeply rooted in your infant minds that if you are destined to reach the age of maturity you will all prove worthy and estimable members of society, from the cultivation of thy genuine principles."

The lamb was then replaced on the boys shoulders, and the pensive group made me their modest obeisances and moved slowly on.

What a charming trait of nature in her native guise, untutored by the refinement of education! What a glorious contemplation to the eye of sensibility, and what a luxurious gratification to the susceptible heart!

Censure

Censure not, ye critics, the simple tale, for it commands more admiration than my enthusiastic pen is capable of tracing, while the sympathetic minds, who peruse the little narrative, will, I trust, give me credit for the pleasing insertion, though its recital may require more embellishment to inculcate the sensation of delight its observance impressed on my mind.

THE BALLAD SINGER.

MUSING on this little incident, and watching the children through the town, at a corner of the street a real object of compassion met my wandering eye — 'twas an old man with a fresh sheet of ballads folded in his hand, as clean and nice as they came from the press—his dress too was the perfect model of neatness ; 'tis true, his coat was thread-bare, but 'twas well brushed his worsted stockings, his shoes, and even his buckles, were adjusted with that neatness and cleanliness that excited my attention, and I paused in consequence to observe him.

The

The ballad now commenced, 'twas the famous song of Plato—the subject struck me forcibly:—Ah! thought I, thou wast neither born a beggar or a ballad-singer—Alas! poor victim of fate, thou dost not seem to repine, but thou art ill suited to thy wonted employment of gaining a penny: The end of the first verse caused a violent fit of coughing, and when with the greatest difficulty the second was commenced, the tremulous low voice almost incapable of distinguishment, told you it was a song from a heart-full of sorrow, suppressed by grief and weakness at almost every line, while the intruding tear was gently wiped upon a clean check handkerchief, and his sad eye beamed cheerless expectation, for scarce a soul assembled round him—thrice I determined to inquire his woe-fraught story, but my feelings instantly shrinking, repelled the wish.

Psha, said I, I'll not risk the pang it would inflict; is he not the child of misery, and am I not enabled at least to drop him a consolatory

latory mite? — Ah! heaven endow it with success, and may it make his poor heart as glad to receive as mine is to disperse it. I then crossed him, and slipped it into his hand.

“Heaven ——” said he, fixing his languid eye on it, “Heaven ——” repeated he, but his voice failed him, and a shower of grateful tears left the inarticulate sentence unfinished. It was too much, and to veil my feelings and avoid the observance of his, I hurried away.

That selection of Plato, said I, was no doubt well adapted to his former station of life, for every line was repeated emphatically.

THE INSOLVENT DEBTOR.

MUSING on the vicissitudes of human life, its transient state of bliss, its lingering woes, and continually increasing misfortunes, instinct led my steps to *** prison, and the impulse of nature, I know not why, induced me strongly to visit the children of misery in its dreary recesses contained, so following the stern countenanced goaler, his ponderous key opened several doors, reported the crimes of the wretches whom misery had worn to the bone, and with an adamant heart,

heart, impenetrable to the shaft of woe,
closed them again.

At length conducted to the debtor's side;
a high pale lamp burnt dim, and emitted a
solitary ray around the damp and dreary
walls of Elwin's cell—Elwin, a hoary sage,
confined for debt, within a prison's gloomy
dungeon, 'till death or liberality should free
the wretched captive.

I passed the confines of his cheerless cell—
peeped through the little grate—heard the
hollow sigh of misery, dedicated to the ear of
pity or the soul of mercy—Great God! how
often had it passed unpenetrative and un-
known.

Just as my lip had asked the debtor's tale,
and learned my humble mite could mitigate
his sorrow, advancing through the arches of
the prison two youthful peasants modestly ap-
proached, made me a slight obedience, passed
through

through the grating door, and dropped the lattice.

“And who are those?” asked I, “that youthful girl seemed deep oppressed with grief, she bore apparently some slight provision for your prisoner, and as she passed, the angelic sweetness of her countenance reminded me of some benignant angel wafted on earth by mercy, to relieve in human form the hapless sufferer.”

On strict inquiry of the hardened goaler, I learned, these visitors were Elwin's grandchildren—one daughter only of his cottage lived, and she by illness now confined, had daily sent her children with the small share her pittance could afford a suffering parent, whom her most diligent industry never could ransom, yet to enjoy the fond caresses of his noble Albert, and the charming Emily, would often chase the tear, and dissipate the rigours of confinement.

“What

"What are his debts?" asked I.

"Nine pounds," replied the goaler.

"And how long has he been confined?"

"Two years and some few months."

"Here then," continued I, "release your prisoner, bless heaven I can pronounce him free."

The door was instantly thrown back — Father of mercies what a scene my eyes did then explore. Emily seated on the wretched pallet, supported on her arm the drooping head of Elwin, while to his poor parched lip she held a cordial, and by her fond persuasion induced him to swallow some small portion, as Albert wiped the tear that trickled down his furrowed cheek, and smiling, asked him what light food his appetite could relish on the morrow.

"None, my dear children, to-morrow will provide itself, and Elwin, perhaps, no longer need thy fond attention."

"Be comforted," said I, advancing.

He raised his head, and fixed his languid eye upon me, while thus he faintly uttered, "this honor, Sir, can never sure be destined for the wretched prisoner you now behold; the favor of a visit from a stranger, whose countenance bespeaks him no insulter of distress, still warms my heart to thank him for his condescension."

"You'll go with me, friend," answered I, "this arm shall bear you once more to your peaceful cottage."

"Aye! — No, your honor, sure not me, some pining fellow creature whom you probably mistake, demands your generous release."

"Elwin

"Elwin is free," cried I, "his debt is discharged, and he may instantly return to his family."

Emily fell on her knees, and blessed me with extravagance of joy. Albert instinctively caught my hand, and pressed it to his rosy cheek, "you are, indeed, our guardian angel, Sir," cried he, "Oh how Emily and I shall ever bless you."

"Your dutiful affection to your grandfather," said I, "impelled me to reward you by his release, preserve the amiably good heart you now possess, and you need never fear your endeavours will be crowned with success."

Elwin covering his face with his hands had fell motionless on his bed, absorbed in gratitude and astonishment, 'till at length recovering the powers of articulation. "Angel of mercy," cried he, "what impulse of providence guided thy step to the cell of misery?"

ah! how poor, how weak is gratitude to cancel the eternal obligation; it, alas, will ever remain to Elwin. I never felt my poverty 'till now, and the reflection that I am near fourscore, and incapable, through infirmity, of pursuing my labours to repay some small portion of your liberality by my industry, tells me I must submit to the dispensation of heaven, but while these lips can utter a prayer, my fervent blessings night and morning shall petition for unceasing happiness and prosperity to shower its choicest gifts a mortal can enjoy."

"Cease, cease, my friend, or you will make me the debtor," answered I, "But, come, accept my arm, to support you to your cottage, while Emily runs first to apprise her mother of your arrival."

"Away flew the cottager on the wings of delight, and returned half way to meet us, for Elwin was feeble and walked slow.

"And

"And now," said I, as we came within sight of the cottage, "we must bid adieu."

"Ah, no," replied Elwin, "accept at least the blessing of my child," and the tear trickled down his cheek.

"Elwin," rejoined I, "excuse me, worthy sage, if the feelings of my heart and your gratitude were less strong, I would endeavour to support the interview; but you have already learnt me too much, to venture a step farther, I see your peaceful habitation, and long may you live to enjoy every comfort it can afford you."

I then resigned him to the support of Albert and Emily, and as I ventured one glance I saw the door furrounding with villagers, no doubt come to welcome his return, but I dared venture no farther, and therefore turned back and quickened my pace.

I don't know how it was, but when I stopped at the next town to eat my supper, my appetite failed me, and my handkerchief was damp. "Have I been guilty of a weakness," said I to myself, "if I have 'tis my sensibility must bear the blame, and the man who possesses it as eminently as myself, deserves indeed to be pitied, for it has created me a thousand pangs, and too often an abundance of ridicule, yet I faithfully aver, those malicious sarcasms never gave me offence, I only drew this inference—"The more insensible they were to the finer feelings of nature, the less they enjoy the raptures of an approving conscience." So weighing the different proportions in the scale of perspicuity, I always had the satisfaction of finding the balance draw in my favor, and in consequence never regretted at what expence I purchased the difference; so drying my handkerchief, and reasoning myself into the belief that, "sensibility is not a weakness any man should blush to acknowledge he possesses," I composed my deranged sentiments, and calling for a
candle,

candle, now determined to retire to the soothing pillow of repose, with the intention of rising early the next morning.

"And I must not only do that, but get to bed early," said I, as the girl sat down a snip of candle about an inch long.

"Why, Sir," said she, "I can fetch a longer if you please, but I thought this might be enough."

"Thought," replied I, "and why now should you trouble yourself to think for others whom 'tis ten to one but your officiousness offends, therefore, another, time if you do think, be sure to let it be provident to all parties. However, as I said my prayers before supper, it will last me long enough to undress, and if I should not be disposed to go to sleep directly, I can reflect on your œconomy, which would be no bad theme even to dream on, if the drowsy god should surprise my meditations."

The girl smiled and led me to the end of a long gallery, where wishing me a good night, she ushered me to an apologetic bed-chamber, about the size of a tolerable large closet.

“So,” said I, “my chamber, bed, and candle, I see are all of a correspondent size:— She was very sorry, but it was the only room in the house that was vacant. The bell ringing very loudly, called her away, and closing my door and turning round carefully, for fear of endangering my elbows against the wall or bed’s post, I made the best of my way into my little camp-bed, where I had not lain five minutes when I heard the heels of two or three female shoes scout into the next room, and after the door was slammed a hearty laugh preceded a fine long gossip, every syllable of which was vibrated in my ear, for a very slight partition only parted us.

THE CONVERSATION.

“**L**ORD, what a blowsey figure I am!—
how that toad, the Colonel, has plagued me!” cries a vociferous voice.

“Well,” replies the other, “he’s a charming creature to be sure, we shall have a fine ride in the curricule to-morrow, I hope, and I shall drive, egad we’ll dash through the town.”

L 5

“Oh!

"Oh! good God, its every drop come out in my pocket, and the bottle *smashed* all to pieces."

"What? what?" cried the other.

"Why my bloom of Ninon, Maria, what shall I do, why I shall look like a hagged devil to-morrow, can you lend me a little of your rouge?"

"Oh, yes," answered the other, "I always carry a little magazine of those necessaries; I have balsam of lilies, too, at your service."

"What did you give for those corsets, the fattin's a beautiful colour, and they look so easy and degagee, I am quite in love with them."

"And I envy you the convenience of your cilicious fillet," continued the voice of Maria, to the divested beauty, "I wish my old aunt would let me wear one, to save the
6 trouble

trouble of dressing my hair, and this confounded papilloting every night."

Oh for the bright eye of a mouse in an odd corner, to have beheld these votaries of art and fashion in their native adornments, heavens what a contrast should I have beheld! And twice I suggested the idea of pretending to smell fire, and by alarming them, obtain the gratification of my curiosity.

"Shall you pencil your eye-brows to night?" continued Maria.

"No, not 'till morning, when I have steeped my eye-lashes."

Gracious God! — I wonder if they were ever steeped in the tear of sensibility, or common humanity, and whether the vermillioned cheek, indebted to invention of Ninon de L'Enclos, was ever tinged with the blush of modesty, gratitude, or merit? Alas!

I fear not, nor ever will, 'till age and reason
crimsons it with the flush of remorse.

The voices now ceased, and I raised an unnecessary cough, to the no small vexation of the whisper-murmuring ladies, who must be convinced I had heard every syllable as plain as they did me.

How many females will redden at the conviction of this tête-à-tête I know not, but where nature has made them tolerably agreeable in person, I trust the ridicule of this subject will deter them from vainly endeavouring to embellish what would be far more admirable as the sole production of nature.

Paint the mind, ye angelic fair, with every enviable colouring, pencil the heart with the delineation of truth, virtue, and sincerity, and I will then extoll your endeavours of improvement.

I shall not wait to see these cosmetick'd lasses set off in all their charms to-morrow, said I, turning round to encourage the advances of Morpheus, and by the time the sun had burnished my window an hour I obeyed its summons, and left the ladies to sport thro' the town without my animadversion as they passed.

HUMANITY REVILED.

IN the course of my walk poor Trudge had been stung in the foot by a pestering wasp he had endeavoured to level, and the consequent agony had swelled his paw, round which I had wrapped and tied a dock-leaf, 'till I could procure some opodeldoc to extract the venom, and out of compassion to the poor animal, who could only limp on three legs, I took him up in my arms, and had carried him four miles, when a female voice from a travelling carriage ascending a heavy sand-hill thus reviled me.

“ Lord!

"Lord! look at the man and his dog, do you see his paw, so curiously tied up too, a great heavy-beast: What a fool the man is to lug him along this dreadful hot weather: I am sure if he belonged to me I'd make him fag."

"'Tis certainly for some reasonable motive he is carried," replied an old gentleman, "the poor thing has received some wound no doubt."

"Yes, Sir," answered I, "he has been stung by a wasp, and so has his master."

"Stung," replied he, "bless me where, how, when."

"In this very spot, and at this very instant, by the reproach of my humanity in endeavouring to mitigate his patient suffering."

The old gentleman looked at his daughter, as much as to say, I understand you, the re-
proof

proof has stung too. I believe I cast a glance of condemnation on the uncommiserating fair, for she seemed to pout on the subject, and if she did receive a lecture afterwards so much the better, and the first time her finger is stung may she know the comfort of some alleviating hand to wrap it in a dock-leaf, and fasten it in an easy sling.

“Poor honest Trudge,” said I, as he glanced a look of thankful sagacity on me, “our journey will soon be compleated, and then thou shalt enjoy thyself on thy old comfortable cushion under my great chair, where thou wilt be free from inconvenience, deluging showers, scorching sun beams, and ungrateful returns for thy faithful company and protection.

HOME.

HOME.

“**H**OME is home if it's ever so homely.”
And, like the tortoise, no creature
ever enjoyed it more than I did.

There's an inexpressible delight in being
the monarch of one's own shed. “Here's
my own little roof,” said I, “and here's my
own snug door, where I may rap as loud and
as long as I like, without being reproved:
and here's my own comfortable easy chair,
and my old commodious bureau, and poor
honest pufs purring my welcome.”

“Come,

"Come, light my candle, Susan, and let me also enjoy my own comfortable cup of tea."

And so I did ten minutes afterwards, snuffed my candle, opened my bureau, and mending my old pen, sat down to recite my observations, while Trudge took possession of his cushion, and began licking his lame foot.



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